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## THE BUDGET.

IF the impressions produced by a Budget speech could be durable and universal, it would be almost a pleasure to be taxed by Mr. GLADSTONE. Among his extraordinary oratorical gifts, the most remarkable is his command of that important branch of eloquence which consists in the luminous exposition of details. The arrangement of his speech on Monday night, and the accurate clearness of the multitudinous statements which it contained, were so perfect as to conciliate general favour to proposals which will hereafter be closely criticised, although it is not very likely that they will be rejected. On this occasion, Mr. GLADSTONE, with unusual self-denial, abstained from the paradoxical generalizations by which he is in the habit of challenging unnecessary opposition. The enthusiasm which he expressed last year for the Income-tax, the spirit-duties, or the penny stamps, was only represented on Monday by a slightly exaggerated denunciation of the visits of maids-of-all-work to the bottle-and-jug department of the public-house at the corner of the street. Wisely abstaining from any arguments in favour of the repeal of the Paper-duty, he avoided a controversy in which his success has hitherto been doubtful and incomplete. The repetition of last year's prophecy of an increased consumption of French wine was relieved by an excellent historical anecdote. It seems that early in the last century the University of Oxford petitioned Parliament against a change in the wine duties which would compel its members to violate their customs by drinking port. Mr. GLADSTONE infers, not unfairly, that the French Treaty may eventually once more associate claret with academical orthodoxy.

The Budget itself is not the best which could have been devised, and the estimated surplus which it presents is not altogether legitimate; but it might have been worse, and the most questionable of its fiscal provisions is recommended by considerations of party and political expediency. Of the two millions which Mr. GLADSTONE estimates as available for the relief of the tax-payer, one is produced by the indefinite postponement of a repayment which has already been more than once adjourned. A million of Exchequer Bonds continued, or reborrowed, in the course of last year ought to be paid off in the course of 1861. When these securities were first created, Mr. GLADSTONE carefully explained that they were not permanent additions to the debt, but anticipations of the produce of war taxes which it was necessary to discount or receive in advance. The late increase of expenditure may explain the neglect to get rid of the exceptional obligations, but it is not the less true that the only means for abolishing the Paper-duty are supplied by money virtually borrowed during the year. The payment from China, which, should it ever reach the Treasury, will also belong to the capital account, all but makes up the rest of the surplus. If the anticipated hop credit, which was necessarily deferred in the autumn, is taken into account, it will appear that there is, strictly speaking, no surplus revenue. The removal of taxes may possibly be justifiable, as the account will be balanced for the year, but the impression that a large margin has been provided by the natural increase of trade is altogether fallacious; nor is there the smallest pretext for the boastful reference to the "crash of falling prophecies."

The great results of the French Treaty still remain to be realized. The loss on wine has nearly corresponded with the original estimate of half a million; and it will be remembered that Mr. GLADSTONE's anticipations of increased consumption were far in advance of his official calculations. Although the importation of French wine has increased by more than 100 per cent, the quantity which has paid duty on passing into consumption has been comparatively trifling. It may be doubted whether the House of Commons, in

listening to Mr. GLADSTONE's redundant statistics of importation, remembered that the greater part of the stock in the dock cellars has thus far contributed nothing to the revenue. The only considerable result of the new tariff is connected with those of its provisions which were universally approved by consistent economists. Butter and eggs, with some articles of the same kind, have been imported in largely increased quantities, and it is possible that in future years they may be partially paid for by additional exports of English manufactures. No reasonable opponent of stipulations for commercial reciprocity ever disputed the advantage of reductions in indirect taxation—though the proposition that the least advantageous mode of attaining the object was by a diplomatic contract was two or three years ago a truism to Mr. GLADSTONE, and probably to Mr. COBDEN. The triumph expressed by the admirers of the Treaty, even if it were relevant to the question in dispute, is for the present wholly premature.

The actual deficit of last year, amounting to about three millions, has been supplied from exceptional resources. A million and a half has been taken from the Exchequer balances; more than half a million has been raised by Exchequer Bills; and the anticipation of the Malt Credit produced 800,000*l.* It remains to be ascertained whether the alterations in the mode of collecting the Income-tax have involved a further application of capital to the relief of revenue. The process which was adopted may have been necessary, though it was inconsistent with financial purism; and it is at least satisfactory that the account is balanced and that the bills are paid. The receipt of 800,000*l.* from the shilling duty on corn is convenient to the Treasury, but it represents a loss of many millions incurred by English farmers.

It may perhaps have been judicious, after the unfortunate experience of last year, to terminate the anomalous relations between the two Houses by the abolition of the Paper-duty. Mr. GLADSTONE is mainly responsible for the constitutional innovation by which his financial blunders were corrected; and it is natural that he should wish to relieve the House of Commons from the sacrifice of dignity which he entailed upon it. It is unfortunate that the only remedy is to be found in a measure by no means the best which might have been suggested. If the Paper-duty is estimated at 1,200,000*l.*, to avoid Mr. GLADSTONE's inconvenient references to the financial year, it somewhat more than equals the penny in the pound of Income-tax which is also to be removed as the price of the change in the Excise. A reduction of the duties on tea and sugar to the amount of two millions would have been far more beneficial to the community. The ultimate consumer will get scarcely a perceptible share of the remission, for the peculiar character of the raw material renders it impossible indefinitely to increase the manufacture. The penny papers will intercept the part of the reduction which reaches them, for it is absurd to suppose that they will be sold for less than a penny. Higher-priced papers cannot very well reduce their charge by fractions of a penny; and it is obvious that their own gains, even if paper is cheapened by the whole amount of the tax, can never amount to a penny for a single copy. It is certain that excise duties are troublesome and even mischievous, nor can a word be said in favour of the Paper-duty, except that it produces 1,200,000*l.* Nevertheless tea and sugar are far more required than what is called knowledge; and the excise on hops is incomparably more unjust than the certain, steady, and businesslike impost on paper.

The reduction of the Income-tax is in itself an advantage, but there is grievous injustice in perpetual shiftings of the rate which baffle all the compensating influences of time. Mr. GLADSTONE has not been Chancellor of the Exchequer for two entire years, and he has imposed three, if not four dif-

ferent rates of Income-tax. In 1859 he added fourpence to the fivepenny tax, and at the same time extorted the whole amount in six months. In 1860 he raised the tax to tenpence, and made significant allusions to the convenience of round numbers and shillings. In 1861, by taking off the additional penny, he bribes the country to relieve the penny papers. It would almost seem as if he wished to provide Mr. HUBBARD with an excuse for attempts to tamper with the Income-tax, by taking care that it shall never redress its ostensible inequalities.

The best part of the Budget was left out by an omission which was probably intentional. It is evident that the estimated revenue is too low, while there is no reason to suppose that the expenditure will be exceeded. The deficiency on the Excise of 1860 was no less than two millions, and although Mr. GLADSTONE prudently takes credit only for the amount of last year's receipt, a fine summer and a good harvest would replace almost the whole of the falling-off. The three articles of malt, hops, and spirits account for the entire sum of two millions. In a wet and cold year the consumption of beer was unprecedentedly scanty, but thirst, and the profit which it brings to the revenue, will assuredly return with the reappearing sun. The consumption of gin depends less directly on the weather; but before the production of last year's Budget large quantities of spirits paid duty in anticipation of an increased duty, and by this time the excessive stocks of dealers must have been reduced within ordinary dimensions. On the whole, the financial prospect is even more favourable than it appeared in Mr. GLADSTONE'S statement. His plans, though by no means unexceptionable, will probably be adopted by the House of Commons.

#### THE BOURBONS AND THE BONAPARTES.

THE DUC D'AUMALE'S reply to the accusations of Prince NAPOLEON against the BOURBONS has, of course, been seized by the French Government. It deserved this tribute by its vigour, its pungency, its sense, and the moderation of its views. Moderation, as we have been officially informed, is the quality of all others which the men of December cannot endure in the writers of the Opposition. This is what the admirers of physical force call a strong Government. The weakest of all English Governments—a Government which has but a bare majority in Parliament, or which is even being carried on against a majority—knows, indeed, that the adverse voice of public opinion is its doom; but it laughs to scorn a multitude of hostile articles every morning and evening, and as to pamphlets, it takes no account of them at all. But the Government of France, strong in the absolute command of 600,000 bayonets, and in unlimited power to arrest and deport without trial, trembles like an aspen leaf before a few pages of free thought, and has no more dignified way of combating them than the censorship and the police. When Prince NAPOLEON, as the great organ of Liberal sentiments, next expatiates on the tyranny of Naples, he will not forget to enumerate among its enormities the censorship of the press and the suppression of freedom of opinion. Indeed, he may justly give this offence a high place among the crimes which have doomed that tyranny to destruction; since to suppress freedom of opinion is to make war not against any particular rights or liberties, but against the possibility of improvement and the progress of humanity. Prince NAPOLEON is indeed an admirable impersonation, not only of the liberties of 1789, but also of another great principle to which those liberties are commonly considered to be opposed. He not only wields the Demosthenic thunders of free debate, but in the last resort he has the censor's scissors and the "warning" in his pocket. He descends into the arena of free discussion apparently unaided, but really protected, like the favourites of the gods in HOMER, by an invisible deity, in the person of M. DE LAGUERONNIERE. That deity, finding him vanquished by a mightier champion, has now snatched him away in a cloud.

The question between the merits of the French and Corsican dynasties, which the PRINCE has raised and on which the DUKE has written, is perhaps scarcely yet ripe for an historical decision. The DUC D'AUMALE denies to the present BONAPARTES the title of *parvenus*, which he says belongs only to the young lieutenant who came forth from the military school of Brienne to put on the crown of Charlemagne. But the dynastic airs which the BONAPARTES give themselves, and their incessant talking about the merits and glories of their family, are enough to remind

us that, after all, they are of yesterday. When some centuries have elapsed, we shall know whether the excellence of the Corsican stock is inexhaustible, and whether it will always produce such scions as Prince NAPOLEON. So far, it may be said of the French Royal family, that it produced, with some good kings, many indifferent, and some bad—that its history is a chequered and doubtful one, like that of most races—but that, at all events, it was French, and had, at the worst of times, a real regard and sympathy for its own people. Prince NAPOLEON denounces LOUIS XIV. The memory of that Monarch is justly condemned because he lavished the blood and the riches of his people to satisfy a false sense of grandeur and to indulge a criminal ambition. But in the mind of LOUIS XIV., a monarch of the old *régime*, the aggrandizement of the King and the aggrandizement of the nation were two objects inseparable and indistinguishable from each other. He persevered in the struggle at the cost of great suffering to his subjects; but he was not without feeling for their sufferings. The misery which touched them touched him; and the want and desolation which cast a gloom over their cabins cast a gloom also over his Court. It is not recorded of him that, on receiving the news of Blenheim, he, like NAPOLEON, after abandoning the relics of his army on the retreat from Moscow, rubbed his hands over the fire, and uttered an unfeeling jest. It is not recorded of him that, seeing the road from Leipsic to France covered with the naked, famished, and wounded victims of his insane ambition, he poured out foul reproaches against the miserable frames which, having done all that heroic devotion could do, were able to serve his selfishness no more. He had the excuse, at least, of not having personally witnessed the horrors which his ambition caused; nor did he refuse, when the distress of his subjects became intense, to bow his pride, for their sake, to moderate, or even humiliating conditions of peace. Unlike NAPOLEON, he was able, when the insulting demands of his enemies compelled him to renew the struggle, to publish the result of the negotiations, and confidently to appeal to his people. He did not, like a desperate and selfish gambler, when the game was hopelessly lost, add his last conscript to the stake. And therefore he did not wholly estrange from him the affections of the people who had endured so much beneath his rule. No one wrote on the pedestal of his statues, "Wretch! if all the blood thou hast shed could be collected in this square, thou might'st drink without stooping." He was not driven to attempt suicide in order to escape from the rage of his own subjects, nor had he reason to fear that "the abominable population of the South" would tear him to pieces if they could get him into their hands. That which made him stop short of Napoleonic extremities of selfishness and frenzied pride was partly, perhaps, a certain restraining influence from which an atheist dynasty are entirely exempt. But it was partly his feelings as a true Frenchman which bade him spare and pity his own blood. The last of his descendants who sat on the French throne lost it by refusing to order the troops to fire on the people. The BONAPARTES have no hesitations. The true mother, in the judgment of Solomon, is weakly ready to give up—the false mother resolutely and energetically proposes to divide—the child.

The Corsican dynasty are simply a family of Corsican adventurers, as alien to the national interests of France as they are, in reality, to French civilization. The objects which they pursue are objects of an essentially personal and family kind. The crown of France is, indeed, the first and most constant prize of their ambition; but failing of that, they are ready for any other prize that may present itself in Europe. Their founder, on his deathbed, seeing that the French throne was then beyond their grasp, advised them to settle at Rome, where they might "get hold of a powerful" "theocracy, and ere long become Cardinals and Popes." If there had been an opening in the direction of the Caliphate, he would probably have recommended them to turn their thoughts and intrigues that way. As for himself, no sooner had he by his Italian victories got the army of France into his hands, than he led it away on an expedition purely personal, to found for himself an Empire in the East. This he did at a moment when France was in extreme need of all her disposable forces at home. What were the main fruits of his subsequent conquests? No real accession of power to France, but thrones and appanages without number for the BONAPARTE family in all its branches—thrones and appanages, the attainment of which, the DUC D'AUMALE may well say, cost France at least as dear as the War of Succession.



Prince NAPOLEON assures us that the BONAPARTES will always, and under all circumstances, remain united and stand by the interests of the family. We have no doubt of it. Their objects are of a kind which render union and co-operation obviously indispensable, saving now and then a little chaffering and wrangling about the partition of the spoil. From divisions caused by divergence of principle they will at all events ever remain entirely free. In that sense assuredly their domestic unity will not be disturbed by any "traitors" such as those whom, according to Prince NAPOLEON, the house of BOURBON has produced. They will always be able to settle, in a family council, not only what is to be done in the PATERSON case, but what political and ecclesiastical principles it is expedient to adopt for the common interest of the BONAPARTE firm, and how the best market is to be made of that excellent Stock-Exchange, the political world. This ascendancy of a Corsican house of political ROTHSCHILDS, so entirely cosmopolitan and untrammelled, will form a curious page in the history of the world.

Few will be found to blame the Duc d'AUMALE for having defended the honour of his family with his own hand, instead of hiring a pamphleteer. The charge of showing sympathy with despotism and reaction is grave, but unfounded. If he had shown sympathy with despotism and reaction, the BONAPARTES would have known better than to suppress the pamphlet. They would have had cunning enough to let it circulate as freely as possible, and damage the cause and reputation of the writer. It is because all the sympathies it expresses are constitutional that it is dreaded and suppressed. To blame certain machinations connected with Italian affairs is not to show oneself an enemy to Italian freedom. After all, it must be remembered that the world has an interest—a real and permanent interest—in the maintenance of honour, good faith, and international law, as well as in the overthrow of Neapolitan tyranny and of Austrian domination. The resurrection even of a great nation, however welcome and glorious, would be dearly purchased by the world if it was brought about at the expense of consecrating conspiracy as a mode of action between one Government and another, and of placing the safety and independence of all nations at the mercy of the most unscrupulous and dexterous masters of intrigue. If we wish to take a fair view of all parties, we must allow that it is not only the *Decembriseurs* who have the colour of morality on their side. The very Legitimists and Ultramontanists, in fighting, however irrationally, for the claims of old allegiance, are fighting for a principle which at least excludes perjury, and establishes a certain bond of honour between the governors and the governed. The bayonets, conspiracies, and stock-jobbing of the BONAPARTES do not absolutely include and exhaust all that is great, moral, and chivalrous in modern civilization. But it is not in the pages of the Duc d'AUMALE that a shadow of Legitimism or Ultramontanism will be found. He is true to the principles of that branch of his family which has accepted the task of rearing up liberal institutions beneath the protecting shadow of an ancient Monarchy, of teaching progress to co-exist with order, and reconciling the peace of Europe with the honour of France.

#### THE MARYLEBONE ELECTION.

A MARYLEBONE election is a dismal and demoralizing farce. It is not the fault of the electors that that vast aggregate of streets and squares has no centre or bond of social and political interest, and that there are consequently no natural representatives of local opinion; yet, in the absence of special claims, the borough is peculiarly at liberty to select members who may at least aspire to the rank of statesmen. One or two of the metropolitan boroughs have shown a laudable desire to emerge from the established preference of factious mediocrity. Marylebone has not even profited by the recent experience of Mr. EDWIN JAMES's career. The unexpected vacancy caused by his sudden disappearance is filled by an obscure successor, whose claims, like those of his competitors, were founded on his unreserved acceptance of all the unprincipled pledges which were tendered by the noisy and ignorant portion of the constituency. The respectable talents and attainments of one or two of the candidates had obviously no tendency to promote their success. The rabble required in their favourites neither knowledge nor experience, but only an unlimited readiness of interested assentation which might have satisfied the vanity of Louis XIV. The very formula adopted in the commencement of a canvass represents the worthlessness of the elec-

toral test. The partisans of the different candidates pass resolutions, "that, having heard the opinions of A. or of B., "the meeting considers that he is entitled to the confidence of the borough of Marylebone." It would be as reasonable to hire a butler on the strength of his orthodox confession of faith as to the best kind of plate powder. As all the Marylebone rivals, with the exception of Sir R. CARDEN, professed identical opinions, it might seem difficult to judge of their comparative doctrinal soundness. They were all anxious to extend the franchise, all zealous supporters of the Ballot, and all firmly opposed to the maintenance of Church-rates. If the mob had demanded further proofs of Liberalism, fresh professions of conformity would probably have been forthcoming. The managers of Marylebone elections recall the memory of the zealous reformer who took offence when MENENIUS AGRIPPA described him as the great toe of the Roman community:—

I the great toe? Why I the great toe?

Menenius. For that being one of the lowest, basest, poorest, Thou still goest foremost.

Candidates for Marylebone prove their fitness to represent the borough by their eagerness to kiss its toe.

Mr. HARVEY LEWIS is, according to his own statements and those of his supporters, the owner of considerable property invested in commercial speculations. Having at an early period of his life been called to the Bar, he announces himself as a law-reformer, and he boasts that his knowledge of trade will enable him to check the financial obliquities of the Government. There is no reason why a person of independent means should not wish for a seat in the House of Commons, and it is undoubtedly desirable that a candidate for Marylebone should be able to afford a considerable outlay, but it is difficult to discover Mr. LEWIS's peculiar claims to the confidence of a constituency which considers itself important. At one of his meetings, he produced a testimonial to his reforming merits from some unknown patriot at Hull, and on the hustings he proudly congratulated himself on the friendship and support of Mr. WILLIAMS of Lambeth. That great economist had actually shaken hands with him, and expressed his confident hope that, when elected, Mr. LEWIS would constantly be found in the same lobby with himself; "and, gentlemen, I have no hesitation in assuring you that I shall always be found in the same lobby with Mr. WILLIAMS." Lambeth may be applauded or excused for fidelity to its veteran representative, but the reputation of its member is scarcely equal to carrying double, and Marylebone may fairly claim a substantive patriot of its own.

Mr. WINGROVE COOKE was from the first less popular than Mr. HARVEY LEWIS, because he was supposed, notwithstanding his eager abnegation of independent judgment, to possess knowledge and opinions of his own. The creditable connexion with the *Times*, by which he is best known beyond the circle of his own acquaintance, formed the principal ground of attack on the part of his opponents. Marylebone beer-shop-keepers probably suppose that all the contributors and correspondents of a great journal swallow its opinions as readily as their own candidates bolt the standing traditions of the borough. The *Times* itself is unpopular with 101. householders, not for its errors or deficiencies, but because it reflects the modes of thought and the feelings which prevail among the educated classes. It was difficult to understand how Mr. COOKE could have touched the pitch of serious discussion without defiling the purity of his Radical creed. The problem is undoubtedly puzzling, nor is it easy to believe that an intelligent politician and clever writer is wholly exempt from participation in the change which experience and reflection have effected in the Liberalism of thirty years ago. The House of Commons elected under the pledges which are still exacted at Marylebone almost unanimously rejected the Reform Bill of 1860. Even Mr. EDWIN JAMES did his best to defeat the measure, and his conduct was never resented by his constituents. Possibly Mr. WINGROVE COOKE may be a more earnest and persevering reformer, but it is more probable that his popular professions were stimulated by an unconscious and a not unnatural desire to bring his early convictions to a suitable market. The process of eating dirt which is imposed on metropolitan candidates is undoubtedly less repulsive when the obnoxious matter is but the refuse of food which was once palatable.

The Liberal candidates who disappeared before the polling day were equally ready to adopt the Marylebone shibboleth. Mr. MARSHMAN's knowledge of Indian affairs was little

likely to recommend him to the favour of a constituency which is totally indifferent to Imperial interests. One of his opponents made the unjust remark that, from his long residence in India, Mr. MARSHMAN must necessarily be ignorant of English politics. The candidate might have replied that Marylebone politics may be mastered at short notice by the meanest capacity. Nothing can be easier than to assure the thoughtless multitude of electors that even their own standard of intelligence and responsibility is unduly elevated. More voters of a still lower order form the conventional panacea for all political evils; and Mr. MARSHMAN was as ready as his competitors to declare that the extension of the suffrage was the most pressing question of the day. Even the ill-chosen Conservative candidate echoed the insincere clamour of the mob when he affected to regret the loss of Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill. The subsequent repudiation of Reform by the whole of the Conservative party would not have formed a convenient topic for the hustings.

A Mr. GLOVER, who once became unpleasantly notorious in connexion with the borough of Beverley, sought the suffrages of Marylebone in vain, though he announced himself as the martyr and author of the abolition of property qualification. It is not every political adventurer who can obtain a hearing even on the metropolitan hustings. Before the demerits of candidates recommend them to the favour of the electors at large, it is necessary to secure the patronage of certain rival clubs or coteries. The supporters of the two principal candidates denounced each other as a notorious set of election agents on one side, and as a dictatorial clique of Oxford-street tradesmen on the other. Mr. GLOVER, notwithstanding his entire absence of pretensions to a seat in Parliament, was not adopted as the nominee of any set of local reformers. The election, not in itself an imposing transaction, was enlivened into a burlesque by a candidate whose name and associations recall some of the broader comic scenes in Mr. DICKENS's novels. Mr. JABEZ INWARDS proposed Mr. HARPER TWELVETREES, the illustrious discoverer or vendor of a preparation for destroying bugs and beetles. If Mr. TWELVETREES really achieves the object at which he aims, his services to the community may easily outweigh the labours of many political reformers; yet the representation of a large borough seems an unsuitable reward for successful insecticide. The poor beetle which Mr. TWELVETREES treads upon, or rather poisons, is said in his mortal sufferance to feel a pang as great as when a giant or a Cabinet Minister dies, but during life the giant must be allowed to occupy a more conspicuous position. The people's candidate, as he called himself, probably combines with his secular avocations an alliance with some zealous sect of Nonconformists. The chairman of his meeting was the Rev. JABEZ BURNS; and it is a pleasure to repeat the name of his proposer, Mr. JABEZ INWARDS, which evidently belongs to an elder, or deacon, or other lay dissenting ecclesiastic. The rabble at the nomination, whom all the candidates alike proposed to enfranchise, signified by the show of hands their preference of Mr. HARPER TWELVETREES to Mr. WINGROVE COOKE.

There was from the first little doubt of Mr. HARVEY LEWIS's success. His pretensions were somewhat less absurd than those of Mr. GLOVER and Mr. TWELVETREES. He knew nothing about India, about China, or about tithes and copyholds, and above all he was supported by the busy leaders of the local vestry. Another obscure name has been added to the list of metropolitan members, and the most practical inference from the election will probably be furnished by the defeat of the scheme for making Chelsea and Kensington into a borough. The educated classes of Marylebone have long been practically disfranchised, and the humbler politicians are excusably indifferent to the comparative claims of unknown strangers who repeat with monotonous precision the same dictated lesson of reform.

#### SYRIA.

THE Blue-book on Syria has cleared up many points which previously hung in obscurity. We now know how the troubles which ended in the massacres of the Christians really began; and the investigations of Lord DUFFERIN have placed beyond dispute the fact, often surmised or hinted by those best acquainted with the East, that the Maronites were the real authors of the mischief. For months beforehand preparations for an attack on the Druses had been made under the auspices of those same benignant and holy Bishops who, since fortune has turned in their favour, have

asked, under colour of a judicial condemnation, for the blood of 3479 adult male Druses out of 5000. These figures are worth noting at the outset, as they serve as a key to the whole proceedings. We are apt to be dazzled by the name of Christians, and to suppose that even in the most benighted and degraded members of the Christian community there must be some traces of the religion of mercy and justice. But the Maronites may serve to disabuse us, once for all, of this delusion. They are mere savages; and if Christianity does anything for them, it only gives a direction to their native fanaticism, and provides them with a group of religious as well as hereditary enemies. In the spring of last year everything was done to ensure them an easy victory over the objects of their special hatred. They were a hundred and fifty thousand souls against a tribe scarcely numbering thirty thousand. But still the Druses were bold and terrible, and the Christians were not above taking every precaution that could ensure success. Arms were imported in great numbers; martial assemblies were held; inflammatory missives, purporting to proceed from the spiritual chiefs of the Maronite party, were circulated, and the Christians were at once encouraged by being assured of the sympathy and support of the Christian Powers, and stimulated by the fear of the Divine vengeance which they were assured would fall on all who declined to take part in the holy war. The Druses naturally made counter preparations. They had, as Lord DUFFERIN points out, no choice. It would have been equally cowardly and impolitic in them to have looked on quietly while the villages of their kindred were being burnt and plundered. The Turkish authorities would do nothing to avert the impending collision, and so the Druses did the only thing they could, and rose in their defence. Isolated struggles soon showed the dangerous elements that were being called into play; and at last the contest began, and one of the old mountain wars burst forth. Hitherto the conduct of the Druses had been unimpeachable; nor ought they to be reproached for any of the ordinary severities with which such wars are accompanied. Rude mountaineers are generally guilty of acts of warfare which will not bear the examination of any one imbued with the notions of clemency that have penetrated the Christian and civilized world in modern times. But, unfortunately, in the hour of triumph they were hurried into the most unwarrantable excesses. They commenced an indiscriminate massacre of all the Christians on whom they could lay hands; and although there were marked exceptions among them, and some of the chiefs tried to stop bloodshed, and connived at the escape of intended victims, yet the barbarities of which the tribe generally was guilty undoubtedly called for exemplary punishment. What we learn from these despatches is, not that the Druses were excusable, but that the Maronites were chiefly to blame.

All inquiry has only ended in proving more conclusively how very glad the Turks were to see the Christians slaughtered, and how largely the highest officials were responsible for the greater portion of the massacres. The Governor-General of Saida, for example, was satisfactorily shown to have remained an indifferent spectator while villages were being plundered and burnt, and the most murderous hostilities were being waged within an hour's march of his camp; and though solemnly warned by the Consuls of the two European Powers, he took no step to prevent the consummation of a catastrophe which he must have foreseen. The military commander of the forces was equally remiss in the discharge of his duty, and made no serious effort to stop the effusion of blood. FUAD PASHA has done his utmost to retrieve the good name of the SULTAN in the eyes of Europe, and has shown that the Ottoman Empire can still command obedience. But he tries to please the Western Powers as he would please an Oriental despot. He longs to hang or shoot every one who can possibly have rendered himself obnoxious to any one befriended by a European Power. He cannot understand why every one arrested should not be shot, and why every one accused should not be arrested. If the Maronite Bishops had been supported in their demands even by the silent acquiescence of the representatives of the Western Powers, FUAD PASHA would probably have been very glad to have got so many vermin out of the way at once. The Turkish notion of government is very simple, and consists simply in exterminating every one who can be suspected of disobedience. If the Druses kill the Christians, there are so many fewer people to trouble the authorities; and if in return the Druses are shot for their misdeeds, the list of possible rebels is still further reduced.



FUAD PASHA seems to have believed every accusation, or rather, he scarcely required accusation, for he held the convenient theory that all the Druses, from the highest to the lowest, had been guilty of high treason by disturbing the public peace; and so the inquiry into the part individuals happened to have taken in the massacres was superfluous. Fortunately for the Druses, the Commission contained a member who brought with him English notions of justice. Lord DUFFERIN deserves the greatest credit for the ability and impartiality which he has displayed throughout his tenure of an exceedingly difficult post, and in nothing was his patience, his candour, and his anxiety to be just more conspicuous than in his manner of dealing with the cases of the Druse chiefs who surrendered to take their trial. FUAD PASHA was for despatching them all, and his view was adopted by the representative of France; but Lord DUFFERIN insisted on these poor men having a fair trial, and by the energetic representation he made, he has succeeded in saving the lives of several against whom no evidence worth speaking of was brought. The Turks only pretended to be guided by public rumour, and one of the first lessons an Englishman learns in life is that public rumour is no evidence at all.

The occupation of Syria by the French is positively to end on the 5th of June. This definite undertaking has been exacted from the Cabinet of the Tuileries entirely by the firmness of the English Ministry. It was in vain that M. THOUVENEL argued, and protested, and showed how impossible it was that the troops could be got away by that time, and pointed to the bad consequences that must ensue if a particular time for their departure were insisted on. Lord JOHN RUSSELL stuck to his point. He would allow no language to be used in the Convention that would admit of a possibility of mistake. By the 5th of June the troops must have left Syria, or the Convention will have been infringed. There can be no doubt that the English Ministry were quite right. They are aware that it is one of the most cherished objects of the EMPEROR's ambition to get hold of Syria, and an occupation of indefinite length might easily pave the way for an avowed appropriation of a country that we could never see with indifference in the hands of any other European Power. The French Government have not, indeed, given any reason for complaint in the way they have hitherto managed this occupation. They have always expressed a willingness to see associated with them the troops of any other Power; and M. THOUVENEL at one moment declared that France would not consent to continue the occupation even as long as it has now lasted. These might have been mere subterfuges. It was not likely that any Power would really accept the offer of a joint occupation. If we had sent troops to Syria, Russia would certainly have sent there too; and a joint occupation of Russians, English, and French points to complications that are terrible even to think of. M. THOUVENEL may also have thought it good policy to make a threat which he knew he would be prevented from putting into execution. But although an unfavourable interpretation may be placed on the course taken by the French Government, there is not a sufficient certainty that a sinister design existed to give us legitimate cause for complaint. What was to be feared was that, however innocently, the occupation might be protracted until it could not be terminated, and the presence of the French became looked on as a necessary element in the constitution of a Syrian Government. It was necessary to prevent this at all hazards; and as no other country would have dared to exact compliance from France in such a matter, England has rendered a great service to Europe by insisting on the recall of the French troops. It must, however, be owned that the future of Syria is still as much in the dark as ever, and that the Turks seem utterly unable to govern it. For the moment, a vigorous and enterprising official, like FUAD PASHA, has been able to act with energy and success. But there is wanting to the Turks in Syria almost every element that ought to be possessed by a regular and permanent Government. They refuse to concentrate the whole authority in the hands of a single Pasha, and prefer a system of divided rule which is sure to end in there being no Government at all. The troops have a secret and natural leaning in favour of the Mahometans as against the Christians, and they are said to be thirty months in arrear of pay. Neither the civil nor the military authority of the country, therefore, promises to be very strong, and we cannot be surprised to hear that all who can afford to do so are rapidly quitting Syria, and that Damascus and

Beirut will soon be deserted. The Syrian question threatens to last a long time before we have done with it, but we cannot approach it on a fair footing unless the French troops are first got out of the country.

#### MR. GLADSTONE.

GREAT are the charms of purity, of music, and of eloquence. GODIVA—to invert Mr. GLADSTONE's own metaphor, and to apply it to himself—has once more taken that yearly ride through the House of Commons which disarms all critical eyes, turns Peeping-Tom of Buckinghamshire to stone, and usually succeeds in crowning with success the rider's expensive prayer. The annual triumph of the Muse of Finance has taken place this week, with the ordinary ceremonies. Year after year, Mr. GLADSTONE advances, harp in hand, to rescue his Budget from the House of Commons, as ORPHEUS recovered EURYDICE from the hands of Fate. At his approach, the arbiters of his happiness soften their hearts and stay their hands to listen to his speech. Each inexorable RHADAMANTHUS veils his face, and justice melts into pity. Whatever be the ultimate fate of the bard's petition, the first impression made by his voice certainly is that of extreme sweetness. Not a single CERBERUS from the ranks of the independent watchdogs of the House feels inclined to bark. The unhappy denizens of those "infernal regions," the Opposition benches—condemned for long years to sit in fruitless hopes of promotion and release—for awhile remit their writhings. Even that tortured ghost, Mr. HORSMAN, respites. Destined, like SISYPHUS, for ever to roll his stone upwards in the direction of the Treasury benches and to find it suddenly and inexplicably come rolling down upon him again—for one instant, while ORPHEUS speaks, he stands still to gaze. The indefatigable Sir JOHN PAKINGTON rests upon his wheel. Those ursus of the Danaides—the hundred heads of our hundred country gentlemen—for an hour or so succeed in holding something. Pale, shady spectres from the Carlton, and young, active, and banquetting Harpies, bent, some day, upon becoming Junior Lords at least—all listen and are mute. Even Mr. DISRAELI—if Mr. DISRAELI is to be considered as one of the Furies of the place—feels the soft spell awhile:—

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
And snakes, uncured, hang listening round their heads.

Such, for a day or two at least, is the potent influence of GLADSTONE and of song. Whether the spirits grant his bold request or not, the tones in which he clothed it were agreeable to all—except, perhaps, to the jealous ear of Marsyas, if a Marsyas there be.

Never has Mr. GLADSTONE shown himself more poetical in finance, or more completely a son of that *Alma Mater* whom he is about to desert, than on this last occasion. It is almost absurd to talk of his leaving Oxford. Mr. GLADSTONE is Oxford. He is a combination of Liberal education, of Mediæval romance, and of poetical and scientific genius. He may cease to carry the suffrages of his University, he will not so easily cease to represent her foibles and her virtues. The polished Roman poet, in the midst of those hardy ploughmen whose pursuits he pretended to admire and enjoy, would not have been more out of place than Mr. GLADSTONE among the manufacturing districts. French wines and Exchequer-bills will never so completely fill his brain as to drive from it the wrongs of all the Helens, mythological or modern, whose champion he is. Cotton unrelieved by more classical ideas will lie heavy on his soul. United to a thrifty and money-making constituency, he will be like a poet who has married his housekeeper, and who lives distracted between the din of crockery and the music of the spheres. He will regret the quiet waters of the Isis and the ecclesiastical repose of Academus, as he hangs up his harp with a sigh in the smoke of more laborious cities, and amid the hum of more energetic men.

Mr. GLADSTONE's last Budget speech has proved that he is the best member for his University. Never has the Muse of arithmetic been clothed in more variegated garments, or led down the mazes of a classical dance so swiftly and deftly to the sound of minstrelsy. Mr. GLADSTONE has this time excelled himself in parable, in allegory, and in trope. Apollo, who stands ever at his elbow—whether he be talking to an English Parliament or to an Ionian Assembly, or composing critical essays, or writing Greek verse—has supplied his favourite son with a more than ordinary number of quotations from SCHILLER, from VIRGIL, and from TENNYSON. As the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER went on, the ground actually broke into flowers beneath his feet. He sang

of the loves of direct and indirect taxation—of the lunar influences of the Customs on the Excise—of maid-servants, and how, by a happy extension of spirit licenses, he proposed to preserve them from journeyings in quest of spirits to the public house—in the tone of an Etonian, an Oxonian, and a scholar. Then, with true academical ingenuity, he turned round and applied himself to science. Minute calculations enabled him to show the precise details in which his Budget of last year had been unsuccessful, and the subtlety with which he alluded to that Budget's defects made his listeners forget that there had been defects at all. As befitted a Churchman and a disciple of ALDRICH, he dwelt on all the arguments that told in his favour, and with half-closed eyes stepped lightly over the difficulties that told against him. Close analysis enabled him to discover, and to take credit for discovering, the shortness of the financial year as soon as the financial year was over. With the July supplementary votes he dealt like a sophist and an orator; and he passed quickly over the awkward fact that last year's revenue was largely assisted from exceptional sources. He pointed out that the House was pledged to repeal the Paper-duties, but did not insist upon the topic of a pledge that was once given on the subject of tea and sugar, or a personal no less than a Parliamentary promise once made about the Income tax. A mass of ingenious and subtle reasoning from effects to causes, of minute but luminous argument, of additions here, and subtractions there, all mixed up with a stream of poetry and romance, was devoted to prove that what Mr. GLADSTONE had predicted last year was not so false as it appeared. The spirits of the schoolmen who haunt the groves of Academus would have glowed with pleasure and pride to hear the ST. BERNARD of finance—the beautiful mystic—converse upon political economy. Nor is it possible that any other constituency but that of Oxford should be worthy of so much intellectual agility. The Muse is pleased to learn that her romantic son and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pauses amid dry details of calculation to rescue females in distress, and to work himself into a passion at the thought of the degrading necessity which compels maid-servants to fetch spirits from a public-house in cases of sudden domestic illness. The Muse is ready with him to pass over the prosy truth that it is not much use relieving them from the necessity of fetching spirits on exceptional occasions from a tavern, while so many of them labour under the degrading necessity of repairing there hourly for beer. Mr. GLADSTONE is true to himself in protecting maid-servants with as sublime a sentimentalism as that with which he defends the heroine of Troy. These little straws show a wind that naturally blows from the quarter of a poetical University, not from the sober and practical regions of South Lancashire.

All Mr. GLADSTONE'S subtlety and *finesse*—belonging as it does to a kind of disingenuity that never shows itself so strangely as in conscientious minds—would soon distract and bewilder any but a scholastic constituency. Something, no doubt, Mr. GLADSTONE loses by being tied to an extremely Conservative body. But he gains something by being tied to a body that can appreciate and admire intellectual crotchets, scholarlike attainments, and controversial power. A manufacturing district would encourage him, it is true, to fling himself into the Liberal cause with fervour. But it would soon cease to forgive him—what Oxford has now many times forgiven him—his splendid caprices and his gorgeous subtleties, which are, after all, the weaknesses and the vagaries of genius. South Lancashire might easily some day be very much divided within her own mind at the sight of so much versatility. Oxford, on the other hand, may be proud of it. It is characteristic of herself; and she ought to be ready to pardon it in her son. No other constituency can so well afford to look quietly upon and to enjoy the sight of its member weaving interminable sophistries, building lofty budgets out of nothing, sporting with finance, experimenting on the revenue, setting the Stock Exchange a-blaze, kindling bonfires out of old taxes, and every now and then retiring from the scene of grandeur and of destruction to compose an epigram or to translate a Latin ode.

#### SPAIN AND SAN DOMINGO.

A SHORT paragraph in a corner of the newspapers lately noticed a daring and significant enterprise of the Spanish authorities in Cuba. A native of San Domingo, called General SANTANA, appears, of his own accord or with consent of his countrymen, to have accepted either the Pro-

tectorate or sovereignty of Spain. It would probably not be easy, even if the ballot were fashionable in the West Indies, to ascertain the real wishes of the Dominicans, or the authority of their alleged leader or representative. It is not impossible that the less unintelligent inhabitants may prefer the supremacy of a civilized Government either to the discretion of their native rulers or to the influence of the adjacent French population. The Spanish occupants of the Eastern districts are for the most part mulattos, and consequently they have always been less barbarous than the pure Africans of Hayti. They are, however, probably inferior to the mixed race of the South American mainland, and there is no reason to assume that their chiefs are more respectable or disinterested than the Generals and Dictators of Peru and Bolivia. It is highly probable that General SANTANA has received, in hard money, the price of his patriotic abnegation. It is more remarkable that Spain should venture on territorial aggrandizement in the Gulf of Mexico than that an obscure race of half-breeds should be willing to renounce or to sell their independence. The whole population of the island, which would afford room and sustenance for millions, is supposed not to exceed 600,000; and the Spanish Dominicans probably form not more than a fifth of the whole number. The French negroes of the West would serve as a more valuable source of supply to the Cuba slave-market; but it is not likely that France would allow any other European State to conquer or govern her former subjects. Down to 1789, the island was divided between France and Spain, and many years elapsed after the revolution and massacre of the whites before the neighbouring communities were, subsequently to the general disruption of the Spanish colonial empire, nominally united. When Hayti became an Empire, San Domingo affected Republican institutions until it was conquered by the illustrious SOULOUQUE. Two or three years ago, the negroes recovered their constitutional liberties, and dismissed their Emperor to Paris; and they may probably have since made themselves more than ordinarily disagreeable to their mulatto neighbours. If larger interests were not involved in the question, little curiosity would be excited by the revolutions or annexations of a coloured Savoy in the Caribbean Sea.

For the last quarter of a century, Spain has been silently recovering from the moral and material degradation produced by misgovernment, by foreign invasion, and by civil war. Well-informed observers assert that no country in Europe has advanced so rapidly in prosperity and in strength, and since the accession of Marshal O'DONNELL to power, general confidence in the stability of the Government has been widely diffused. The Spaniards have not yet risen to the level of the morality which is accepted by the most civilized nations. They have learned neither religious toleration nor abhorrence of the slave-trade, and they utterly disregard the obligation of paying their debts. On the other hand, they have formed an efficient army, they are reconstructing their fleet, and the sums which they withhold from their creditors are fructifying at home. The nation has reawakened to those feelings of pride and ambition which, even when they are misdirected, give unity and vigour to a State. The Moorish war seemed to be undertaken for the express purpose of reminding Europe that Spain was once more rising to the rank of a Great Power. Should the proceedings in San Domingo be formally sanctioned by the Spanish Government, the resumption of a portion of the old South American colonies would seem to indicate an intention of finding a new field for national enterprise. It is not easy to understand the commercial or pecuniary advantages of the acquisition. Although the island is only separated by a narrow sea from Cuba, the whole French province lies between the nearest point of Hayti and the Dominican territory. It would be difficult to re-establish slavery in a country hitherto almost destitute of whites, and there is little prospect of any growth of trade or industry among the free coloured population. The cultivation of sugar has almost disappeared in the island, and the exports of other tropical produce are extremely insignificant. The motives for the annexation must be political, and it is not difficult to understand the immediate occasion for the undertaking.

The Government of the United States has long displayed towards Spain an ostentatious hostility, which was the more offensive because it was apparently assumed from interested motives. Although disputes arose from time to time between the local authorities of Cuba and American traders, there was no obvious conflict of interests, or even of feeling, between the two nations. The party which was dominant at Washing-



ton was favourable to slavery; and many speculators at New York and New Orleans shared in the guilt of the Cuban slave-trade. The Southern politicians and their Democratic allies had little complaint to make against Spain; but they wished to extend the area of the Slave States, and they affected to regard the greatest of the West Indian islands as an indispensable appendage to the mouths of the Mississippi. One or two piratical expeditions from New Orleans failed too early and completely to be publicly avowed; but the American Government habitually kept questions of trifling importance open with Spain as a foundation for future disputes. Six or seven years ago, under the Presidency of Mr. PIERCE, a few American diplomatists in Europe were instructed to hold a singular species of conference, for the apparent purpose of advertising the ambitious designs of their Government. Mr. BUCHANAN arrived at Ostend from England, and the notorious Mr. SOULÉ from Spain, to express their joint opinion of the expediency of acquiring Cuba, in the first instance by purchase. No grosser insult can be offered to an independent Power than an uninvited proposal of buying a cherished possession. It is difficult to understand the reason for publishing the overture through the mouths of diplomatic agents who had no power to act in the matter, either for Spain or for their own country. Mr. BUCHANAN, after his election as President, in his first Message to Congress, repeated the challenge to Spain in the form of a recommendation to the House of Representatives to provide funds for the contemplated purchase. The same form has been adopted in every successive Message, and it was last used at the moment when the States nearest to Cuba were altogether throwing off the authority of the Federation. The Spanish Government, if it protested against the affront, has obtained no reparation, and the United States were too powerful to render an unnecessary quarrel expedient.

The secession has rendered an ultimate attack upon Cuba more certain, but at the same time less dangerous. The standing army of the island is more considerable than any force of which the Southern States could readily dispose; but American energy and ambition may ultimately be more than a match for the preponderance of Spanish force. The first step in the enterprise might not improbably have been the seizure of San Domingo, which, in its independent state, could have offered no resistance. The re-establishment, after a long interval, of Spanish authority in the island would throw serious obstacles in the way of any similar enterprise. In ordinary times, the American Government would certainly have resented an encroachment which it must have regarded as a defiance. At present it is doubtful whether Mr. LINCOLN or Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS is entitled to set himself up as the champion of the so-called MONROE doctrine. Neither President has any armed force to spare which could give weight to his remonstrances. The Americans, if they remain separated, must submit to the mortification of discovering that their will is no longer the law of the Western hemisphere; and it is not impossible that the Spanish encroachment, by irritating both the North and the South, may supply an instrument to those who desire reunion.

If any quarrel should arise from the enterprise, England is happily unconcerned in the dispute. The new form of manifest destiny, which consists in the extension and perpetuation of slavery, is entitled to little sympathy. If Spain were the representative of freedom in tropical America, the good wishes of Englishmen might perhaps attend a Power which strove to counteract American ambition; but Cuba is not only the worst of slave-countries, but the centre of the Slave-trade which even the Confederate States at present repudiate. An attempt to re-establish slavery in San Domingo would meet with universal reprobation, and, on the other hand, a free coloured population in the neighbourhood of Cuba would present a puzzling anomaly. It is not impossible that Spain may contemplate further efforts to recover a portion of her former possessions. Unluckily, her civilizing influence in Mexico or in Central America would be combined with a propensity to repudiation and with a proclivity to slavery.

#### WHEN IS THE ADMIRALTY TO BE REFORMED?

THE discussion which took place last week in the House of Commons on the relative merits of iron and wooden ships, though it led to no definite results, must be regarded as a step in advance towards the solution of the weighty problems of naval construction and naval administration. In the first place, it established a firm foundation for future action by the almost universal recognition of the value of

the recent Report, which contains abundant suggestions for the immediate reorganization of the Admiralty machinery. That Lord CLARENCE PAGET complained of the Report as meagre, and indignantly repudiated an imaginary charge of malversation which the Commissioners had not so much as hinted at, simply proves how severely the plain truths told by the Commission have exposed the defects of the present system. Some sort of defence was, it seems, thought necessary. As the real accusations could not be answered, there was no alternative but to get up an elaborate exculpation from the one offence of which the Board of Admiralty and its subordinates have not been accused. These tactics were too transparent to succeed, and the Report, which Lord CLARENCE was constrained to describe as very fair, was rather strengthened than weakened by the obvious uneasiness which it excited in official minds. The practical question now is, whether the Admiralty is to be forced to accept the verdict which has been passed against it? We have three facts distinctly brought out on evidence which it has been found impossible to contradict or to explain. The first is, that the accounts of the Dockyard expenditure are mere waste paper, giving no trustworthy explanation of past expenditure, and affording no materials whatever for estimating the cost of future work. The second fact is, that the total expenditure on building alone in Pembroke Dockyard, which is maintained exclusively for this purpose, has, during a period of ten years, averaged the enormous amount of 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  per ton. The third fact, which was notorious even before the inquiries of the Commission, is, that although the principle of protecting ships of war with iron sheathing was established years ago, the capabilities of a first-class ship of war of this description have not yet been put to the test of actual experiment.

It is no excuse for the state of the accounts to say that the officers of the Admiralty, instead of endeavouring to hoodwink the Commission, gave their zealous assistance in exposing the worthlessness of the whole system of check and audit. It was too late for the Board to attempt to mystify the matter; and if it has shown an unavoidable candour in condemning itself, this is scarcely a sufficient reason for perpetuating a piece of official machinery which is acknowledged to be incapable of performing the functions of control for which it was called into existence. A total neglect of duty, or—to take what is at the same time the more charitable and the more correct view—an utter incapacity to perform it, is not condoned by the frankest plea of guilty; and though Captain DRUMMOND and other subordinates of the Board supplied the Commission with the proofs by which their Report is sustained, the admitted inefficiency of the existing control over expenditure is but an indifferent reason for perpetuating the evil. The constitution of the governing body is proved to be the cause of all the mischief; and if it is desired in future that something should be known of what becomes of the vast sums annually voted for the navy, there is no alternative but to adopt the suggestion of the Commission, and replace an unserviceable Board by a businesslike department constructed on rational principles.

Wasteful expenditure is the inevitable consequence of worthless accounts, and without entering into the intricate disputes as to the relative correctness of conflicting accounts, we have, in the broad results of ten years' work in the chief building yard, an ample illustration of the extravagance which was to be expected from such a system as that which has hitherto been in operation. A Board which manages to spend 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  per ton on the mere empty hulls of ships of various classes may be condemned without further evidence as incapable of economical management. It has always been the favourite defence of the Admiralty, when assailed by Parliamentary criticism, that if it is a costly machine it is at any rate an efficient one. It might spend twice as much as was needful on a ship, but every vessel which was launched was said to be absolutely the best specimen that mature science and perfect workmanship could turn out. In the mere quality of the materials and the excellence of the work this boast may not have been without foundation. Men who design and construct without regard to cost do generally succeed in producing creditable results. But even this last boast of the old Board is taken from it now that it appears that, in the art of designing the vessels best adapted for the service of the country, the administrators of the navy of England have been many years in arrear of the progress of science, and have allowed themselves to be outstripped by nations of less maritime importance. The sluggishness with which the invention of shot-proof vessels has been investigated is exactly on a par with the delay

which took place before the screw was adopted as a motive power. Just as we went on building sailing ships for years after they had been practically superseded by steam, so we have more recently constructed a magnificent wooden fleet at unheard-of cost after the Admiralty had within its power the means of testing the superiority, for many purposes, of the new iron-mailed ships. No one of common sense will blame the Admiralty for building on the old model until the possibility of a better had been clearly demonstrated, but the naval administrators of England ought not to have been the last to test and to perfect an invention which, when successfully brought to bear, will render it hopeless for any foreign country to compete with the resources which we possess for the construction of an irresistible fleet. It was urged, reasonably enough, that, so long as a new problem of this kind remains in some uncertainty, the Admiralty is wise to feel its way gradually, instead of suddenly abandoning tried methods for what may prove an unsuccessful substitute. Six or eight years ago, this language might have been used without implying any slur upon the enterprise of the Board. But long before the year 1861, the Admiralty ought to have felt and found its way to the solution of the problem. There was ample time before the last epoch of naval reconstruction to arrive, by actual experiment, at some certain conclusions on the subject; but at this moment the question of iron or wood remains but half settled, simply because the Board has been too apathetic to investigate it in earnest.

A Department whose expenditure is confessedly extravagant, whose accounts are fitted only to mislead, and whose progress is always many years in arrear of science, must be radically defective in its organization. What the defects are has been clearly enough stated by the politicians who have successively presided over it and the executive officers who have struggled to perform its commands. The Report of the late Commissioners exhibits both the evil and the remedy. The correctness of their view is not seriously questioned by any one. It stands upon record and uncontradicted that an extensive simplification of the whole machinery is all that is needed to get rid of the extravagance and confusion, the inefficiency and the lethargy which have so long paralysed the management of the navy. A prudent Government would frankly accept facts which it cannot dispute, and assume the initiative in the reform which will otherwise be forced upon it from without. Less peccant departments have undergone, of late years, changes almost as sweeping as those which are impending over the Admiralty, and Lord PALMERSTON might be thought the last man to be blind to the policy of assuming the direction of an inevitable administrative reform. But it does not augur well that the small criticisms and petty excuses of the SECRETARY to the ADMIRALTY are the only indications which have yet been given of the spirit in which the Government intends to deal with what has now become the most important practical question of the day.

#### PUBLIC NUISANCES AND PRIVATE RIGHTS.

IN these days it is supposed to be a sort of heresy to say anything against what is called the principle of association. If a Gas or Water Company turns Fleet-street into a scientific system of barricades, the most impatient travellers are expected to endure the inconvenience with the calm satisfaction which naturally attends an act of private immolation for the general good. If a Railway Company drives its line straight through the pet mansion on which you have wasted your spare cash for years, you are bound to take, without a murmur, the pecuniary indemnity which is supposed to be a full equivalent for all your sentimental annoyance. The principle on which we submit to such invasions of property is plain enough; and so long as it is kept within due bounds, it is impossible to question it, however disagreeable its operation may be. When a sufficient necessity is made out, private property and private rights must give way to paramount claims of a public nature. The traffic between London and Liverpool was not to be stopped at the caprice of a single landowner on the line; and, hard as the case may be, there is nothing for the victim in such a case but to endure his personal ill-luck in coming in the way of an essential public undertaking. But there is a limit to be observed in the application of these prerogative rights of the many. The public benefit must be proved to be so great as clearly to outweigh the private injury; and this is what every Committee on a Railway Bill is supposed to be convinced of before it passes the conclusive preamble.

Another condition to be imposed on the multiplication of speculative schemes for the annoyance of quiet people is that the benefit should be really a public one, and the suffering merely that of the little-regarded individuals who help to make up the exacting public. To reverse the case, and sacrifice public convenience for the private benefit of a knot of promoters, would be not so much to carry the admitted principle beyond all reasonable bounds as to act in direct defiance of the very doctrine appealed to. It was apparently on some such obvious grounds as these that the House of Commons threw out the Street Rail Company Bill, which had been framed with considerable audacity by Mr. TRAIN, the indefatigable apostle of tramway travelling.

If there is anything which the whole population, from the peer to the pedlar, can call in some sense their own, it is the Queen's Highway; and it is difficult to do justice to the modesty of Mr. TRAIN's proposal to confiscate the best portion of every leading thoroughfare for the exclusive benefit of a private company. Even railways have the decency to respect such rights as these. Except in unfrequented lanes a level crossing is scarcely to be found. Bridges are built, tunnels are bored, and the most embarrassing curves and gradients reluctantly introduced into the most promising plans, in order to avoid the slightest interference of a permanent kind with the surface of any considerable road. The hard conditions which are imposed on important railway projects are not very likely to be waived in favour of a company for the establishment of monster omnibuses; and Mr. TRAIN and his friends must have had sanguine ideas of their power of managing the Legislature to suppose that it would pass an Act enabling them to lay down rails in any street under the control of a favourable vestry or board, and to enjoy the absolute monopoly of running carriages with flange wheels along this impromptu railway. The clause introduced for this purpose into the Bill which has just been rejected was really a model of impudence. It provided that when the projected Company had laid down their rails in any street, "it should not be lawful for any other parties (*sic*) to place "or use upon the rails of the Company any carriages with "flange wheels, or wheels specially adapted to run on rails "other than those provided by the Company." It is true the public was to be allowed the boon of using, on the portion of its own highway appropriated by the Company's rails, carriages which were not adapted to run upon them; but even this small indulgence could be, and probably would be, neutralized by a Company having the power to select a gauge which would be not merely inconvenient, but absolutely impracticable, for any ordinary vehicle.

The substance of the modest proposal was, in fact, that the very best part of every street should be taken away from the public and made the private property of an omnibus company. All the adroitness of its supporters could not save such a Bill as this. It was to no purpose that the second reading was postponed again and again because a little packed House of unflinching supporters could not be got together. The game was to tire out Parliament by successive feints, and then to snatch a second reading when opposition was lulled to sleep. But this policy was too transparent, and it was cruelly cut short by the determination of the House to postpone the second reading, not for a fortnight, as was asked, but for six months. There must be something very defective in the machinery of the House to allow of a Bill of such a character being introduced under the false description of a Private Bill. If an Act to convert public into private property is not a public statute, it is difficult to understand what would be so, and Mr. MASSEY settled the fate of the measure at once by the obvious remark that a Bill to confer on a particular company a monopoly of public roads was essentially a Public Bill. It does not affect the case one iota whether the new-fangled street cars are or are not an improvement on our present modes of locomotion. If they are so, it is the business of the Government, and not of a private Company, to find reasons for a measure which would render the roads dangerous and impassable for ordinary carriages. Little boys seem to derive enormous satisfaction from the spectacle of the double-headed omnibuses which have during the last few weeks enlivened the vicinity of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; but whether this is a sufficient set-off for the obstruction of the old-fashioned traffic is certainly not a matter to be decided by an interested Company.

Mr. BRIGHT, probably with a well-founded hope that the awkward tramway would now and then upset an aristocratic



carriage, gave the Bill the benefit of his damaging advocacy, and claimed the experience of "all the other great cities of the world" as conclusive in favour of the project. But for the well-known scrupulous accuracy of the great apostle of Reform, we should be disposed to ask for his enumeration of "all the great cities of the world;" but it may safely be conceded that in some of the capital cities of the Continent and of America street tramways have been laid down and worked. Whether, in any of these instances, a monopoly has been granted to a private company, Mr. BRIGHT does not condescend to inform us; but the invention is so wholly inapplicable to London that it is not very material to inquire. Where there is ample space for a continuous line from end to end of the great routes of traffic, it is possible that the saving of horse power may be a sufficient compensation for the nuisance which is inseparable from the project. But in London the scheme is hopeless, so much so that it has not even been suggested that a line should be formed through any of the leading thoroughfares. Vehicles which come no further into London than the Marble Arch are of course useless for any better purpose than the amusement of people who take a trip in the train car as they would take their seats in the swings and roundabouts of Greenwich fair, if Greenwich fair were still tolerated. This is scarcely a sufficient public benefit to justify the abstraction of a third of the highway; and if ever it were seriously attempted to facilitate traffic by blocking up Cheapside in the same fashion, it would be easy to determine whether the balance of public advantage was in favour of the new mode of transit. We would not for the world prejudice the question, and only desire that when it is next mooted, the promised advantages may be explained, and that at any rate the attempt to filch public property by smuggling a Private Bill through Parliament may always be as signally defeated as on this occasion.

#### RECORDERS.

THE Recorderships of Leeds and Brighton have lately become vacant, and as the last holders of those offices have been each in their way eminent men, attention may naturally be directed to the nature of the post they held. The great variety of character, attainments, tastes, and pursuits which may be found in members of the English Bar can scarcely be better illustrated than by contrasting the career of these two Recorders. Mr. Flower Ellis, the Recorder of Leeds, was a ripe scholar, a lawyer of considerable knowledge and industry, and the associate of many of the first men of his day. Mr. Edwin James is Mr. Edwin James. The two men were only alike in this—that they both attained that degree of proximity to the goal of a lawyer's ambition which is implied in holding the Recordership of an important town, and that there they stopped. The duties of a Recorder are in themselves so trivial that the very useful place which the office holds in the economy of the legal profession would scarcely strike any one but a lawyer. If, however, the eye is cast over the list of Recorders, it is easy to see that the names are those of persons who must have been promoted for very different reasons; and it may strike even a casual observer that so elastic an institution may play a very useful part in rewarding, stimulating, or quieting the different kinds of barristers on whom the dignity is conferred. Of course no one would think of starting Recorderships if they did not exist. We could scarcely expect the nation or Town Councils to pay a criminal judge who appeared so seldom and did so little. But the office exists, and some small stipend is attached to it everywhere, while, in a few instances, the work is tolerably important, and the pay is worth the notice even of a successful man. Every Home Secretary has several of these places to give away, unless his term of office is unnaturally short, and the principles on which the patronage is distributed are worth noticing. Often the appointment is a pure piece of jobbery, either of a wholly indefensible kind or of that mitigated kind which consists in promoting the sons of judges, as a compliment to their fathers. The propensity to give a turn to the sons of well-known judges cannot be strongly blamed; but it must be remembered that occasionally even the humblest Recorder has a prisoner brought before him, and if the prisoner happens to suffer through the ignorance of an unpractised lad, it can scarcely console him to hear that the father of his judge is an admirable lawyer. But when jobbery does not appear in any conspicuous form, then the appointments to Recorderships may be classed under three heads, and these three heads will include nearly all who rise into any position in their profession superior to that of the unknown herd and inferior to that of men who early command, through interest or by great ability, an opening to the higher judicial offices.

In the first place, Recorderships are given as a field of trial, and as a step in promotion to men of two sorts. There are many barristers who become first notorious, and then famous, by doing a rather inferior and questionable style of business—who are supposed to be somehow not exactly on the square—who are perhaps burdened with debt, have their paper in the market, and are at the mercy of merciless creditors; or who have

in some way compromised their reputation and are rather shunned, although no one has any definite charge to adduce against them. Such men are often possessed of real ability, and even if their gifts are not of a high kind, yet they know how, by the arts of pleasing or annoying, to make themselves felt by those who have a voice in the distribution of good things. When Recorderships are given to such men, an opportunity is secured of observing how they really stand in the estimation of the public and the profession. There is enough of the judicial dignity attaching to the office to make an appointment in some degree serve as a certificate of judicial capability; and yet there is no great harm done, nor does any great scandal ensue, if the Recorder, instead of showing that he is more nearly fit for the Bench than was thought, only enhances his previous bad reputation, and sinks lower and lower. It is only a kind of mimic judgeship that is being degraded by its holder. Sometimes, also, the office is conferred on young men who promise to rise to greater things, and who have impressed some influential person with a sense of their power of mind, application, and fitness to administer criminal law. It is not very often that appointments are made in this way, as the young Recorder must ordinarily have done something more than inspire a good opinion of himself, and must have enjoyed an opportunity of rendering some service that has brought him under the special notice of a powerful friend; and the occurrence of such an opportunity is necessarily fortuitous. But when it so happens that such a man has the opportunity, and profits by it, to get a Recordership early in his career, the appointment is at once a great encouragement to the individual and beneficial to the public. The actual experience of a judge's work is a rich source of instruction to a rising barrister, and acts as a check on the meaner passions and coarser feelings apt to prevail in criminal courts; and everything which tends to raise the character of the Bar is a public benefit. If they did nothing else, Recorderships would be very useful as permitting those entrusted with the appointment occasionally to give men of doubtful position a new chance of respectability, and to encourage, and at the same time in some small degree improve, men of promise while still struggling with the difficulties that encompass a man who holds the humble position of a Sessions junior.

Recorderships serve, it must be owned, a much higher purpose when they are offered to such men as Mr. Ellis. The English Bar derives much of its reputation from numbering in its ranks men who only attain moderate professional success, but who are known widely beyond the limits of their profession. Mr. Ellis was one of the old and almost extinct race of scholars who know the classical languages as if they were living, and not dead, who are at home in favourite authors as if they entered into every thought that passed through the minds of the writers they love, and who cultivate scholarship for the genuine pleasure which it brings them. The old literary scholar has been superseded by the grammatical scholar. In some respects this is a gain. We know the classical authors much more accurately; but then we enjoy them much less. *Gryll Grange* is a specimen of what scholars of the old rock, as the French say, could do. Every page contains a quotation that comes, as it were, from the heart of the writer. Mr. Peacock quotes the writings of Athenæus, and Nonnus, and Petronius Arbiter, as if they were the productions of dear personal friends. Mr. Ellis had something of the same sort of scholarship. He knew Aristophanes probably as no other man in England knew it, and was at home in every passage of his witty and facile favourite. But he also attended to his profession; and as a reporter in the Queen's Bench amassed a considerable share of legal learning. We fear this class of barrister is dying out at the Bar. There are some few good scholars at the Bar, but very few, and those who stick to it after the first few years of trial have the Bench fairly in view. The man who delights in literature, and yet occupies himself with professional pursuits, although he is not in the road towards the highest success, is a rarity. When such a man is found, a Recordership is a very useful means of paying him an inexpensive honour. It is a slight recognition of his merits, although it does not carry him to a height to which he has no pretensions. Nor is it he only who profits. A town like Leeds gains greatly when a man of literary reputation, and accustomed to the most cultivated society of London, comes down officially from time to time to take a station of some dignity in the place, and to connect his name with that of the town. If the duties of the Recorder were more onerous and frequent, it could not be expected that such a man would exile himself to such a place, and perhaps familiarity would breed contempt, and he might produce less impression and do less good if he were constantly in the presence of the townsmen. But as a visitor at stated intervals, he is welcomed by those among whom he comes, and carries with him all the benefits that the education and the tone of a gentleman can confer.

Lastly, Recorderships are useful in providing a stage of harmless dignity for the Justice Shallows of the profession. Mr. Warren, as Recorder of Hull, was a model in this way. He delighted in his Recordership. He charged his jury as if he were opening to them a new philosophy. He really revelled in his own importance and in the platitudes he had an opportunity of pouring forth. Of the mode in which a man of this sort conducts the duties of a minor judgeship he has recently given a curious illustration in the examination into the state of Lord Kingston's mind. Everything went off very quietly, and the course of the presiding judge was as simple as it could possibly

be. He had only to deliver a plain opinion on a plain case. But Mr. Warren was not going to let the opportunity slip. He determined to show that he was equal to the occasion, and could carry the great British public with him in whatever he did. He guarded against the imaginary imputation of trembling at Lord Kingston's rank, and explained with an honest English pride how boldly he dared confront the poor lunatic lord. "I may say," he exclaimed, "for the public satisfaction, as this is the case of a peer of the realm, that I see no reason why I should make any difference between this case and any other in which the alleged lunatic does not hold the same rank." This is what Mr. Warren thought it advisable to announce for the public satisfaction. Like his prototype in the *Merry Wives*, he was determined "to make a Star-Chamber case of it," and swore that though the wretched lunatic were twenty Lord Kingstons, he should not abuse Samuel Warren, Esquire. Nothing, he vowed, should turn him from the right path. "I am prepared," he continued, "to accept the responsibility which the Legislature has cast upon me, and to discharge my duty." As Sir Hugh says, "these be brave words." The Master called on heaven and earth to witness that he was ready to do what he was paid for doing, and bound by statute to do, in as plain a case as was ever investigated, without any possible temptation of fear or interest that could incline him to withhold a decision so inevitable that the counsel for the lunatic withdrew all opposition to it. But, it may be asked, what is the good of having Justice Shallows placed even in minor judicial positions? The greatest recommendation of the higher judges is, that they are above clap-trap of this sort, and nothing contributes more to the esteem in which they are held than the pure air of business which, with rare exceptions, they throw over judicial proceedings. Why, then, should Justice Shallow have his share of smaller judgeships? It is because there are always so many Slenders in the world. There are so many people who like nonsense androdomontade in public men. It would not do to let the existence of this taste determine appointments of any importance, or the national dignity would be seriously impaired; but, on the other hand, some vent must be given to every feeling that exists widely. A certain amount of claptrap clusters around the administration of justice; and those to whom claptrap is dear would revenge themselves if this claptrap were never aired by any person in authority. It contributes greatly to the safety of society not to be too uniformly wise, or sensible, or reserved. Folly, if it is as harmless and well-intentioned as that of Mr. Warren, should have its swing in some way or other. It is desirable that the administration of justice should be popular, and in order to ensure this popularity there must be some concession made to the tastes of those who like a judge to announce for the public satisfaction that when the evidence is indisputable, he will dare the worst, and boldly pronounce a peer to be a lunatic. We must consider that if his duties are not very difficult or important, if he is only a Recorder or a Master in Lunacy, a judge of this sort does not do any positive harm. He may be perfectly capable of dealing justly with the facts submitted to him. The individuals brought before him do not suffer. It is only that he says things which in a man of higher authority would be ridiculous. There is no great harm in this, and the country can afford to gratify a large variety of tastes. There must be some actors who are especially engaged to act to the gallery.

#### PAST AND PRESENT.

EVERYBODY has probably heard the story how Sir Robert Walpole, on some one proposing to read history to him, answered, "Don't read me history, for that I know is false." Walpole was himself more in the habit of making history than of reading it. He knew that current accounts of current events were not to be implicitly trusted. He knew that his own doings were certainly misrepresented by his enemies, and probably misunderstood by his friends. He therefore pardonably leaped to the conclusion that of past times no really trustworthy knowledge could be had at all. In so doing, we believe he was by no means singular. And, perhaps, more people still think that the importance of events—their importance at any rate to us—decreases, while the difficulty of knowing anything about them increases, in exact proportion to the number of years which have elapsed since they happened. Many people, for instance, would think it quite practical, and to the purpose, to quote the events of the seventeenth century in illustration of modern political questions, while they would think it quite beside the mark to quote the events of the thirteenth century for the same purpose. There is a religious party which thinks it wrong to know about anything before the blessed Reformation, and a political party which has nearly the same opinion of all that happened before the glorious Revolution. There is a sort of lurking notion in their minds that what is said to have gone before those epochs is not really true. At all events, it is not true in the same definite and practical sense as the things which they see happening around them. If it did happen at all, it was so long ago that we cannot tell much about it, and at any rate people must have been so different then from what they are now that anyhow it cannot much matter.

All these notions come from confounding different kinds and degrees of knowledge. It is perfectly certain that a man cannot know about an event which happened a long time ago in the

same way as he can know about one which happened yesterday, but it does not follow that his knowledge of it may not be just as certain and just as practical. A man's knowledge of present events may be more accurate in some respects than his knowledge of past events, but it is sure to be a partial knowledge. The best-informed man now cannot tell so well what the position of the nineteenth century will be in the general history of the world as men will who may live two or three hundred years hence. Many details will by that time be forgotten, misunderstood, or misrepresented, but the general bearing of the whole will be far better understood. Men and events will have settled down into their places; and something will be known of their real relative size. In estimating contemporary men and contemporary things, we are always divided between two opposite temptations—that of thinking them greater and that of thinking them less than they really are. Two or three centuries hence men will be better able to take their real measure.

We may illustrate our meaning by one or two comparisons. Which knows most of any object—he who sees it from a high hill, or he who contemplates it close by? It is evident that he who contemplates it close by knows infinitely more of the thing itself, taken by itself; but it is equally clear that he who sees it from the high hill knows infinitely more of its relations to other objects. Its details are in great measure lost upon the distant spectator. It may have beauties, defects, uses, inconveniences, of which he can tell nothing. But then he can take its measure in comparison with other things, while the near spectator may be most unduly under or overrating it. Or, to take another illustration, men who have lived all their lives in one place, in one occupation, or among one class of people, possess a kind of knowledge which is not possessed by men who pass about from one scene and one class of actors to another. But then they have not the same means of judging of the position of their own calling or circle relatively to others. Each, in short, can give some very valuable information to the other. A plain man who has lived all his days at one place, employed about one business, often knows many things which antiquaries, scientific men, nay, great philosophers and statesmen are very glad to learn of him. But then those antiquaries, scientific men, philosophers, and statesmen carry off his minute knowledge, and make a use of it of which he had never dreamed. Exactly so it is with the present and the past. We see the present nearer, more clearly, but at the same time more partially, and not in its full relations to other things. We see the past less minutely, in one sense less accurately, but in another sense more accurately, because we take it in better as a whole, and can more truly estimate its relations to the general course of the world.

Or, to take yet another illustration, which indeed is only a particular case of the one last taken. Let us suppose a man, not actually an actor on the scene of current history, but one who has what are called good sources of information about present politics. He knows every rumour before other people, and knows better than other people whether this or that rumour is likely to be true or false. He has a store of facts, anecdotes, details of every sort, about leading men and leading events, which are perfectly astonishing to the outer world. Let us suppose another man who is quite out of the way of special information of any kind, who has no means of knowing about what goes on except such as are open to all the world, but who uses those common means of information diligently, and carefully weighs and reflects on what he does know. At first sight it might seem utterly presumptuous to compare the opinion on political matters of the comparative recluse with that of the brilliant man of society. Yet, on thinking a little deeper, we shall see that each has his advantages and disadvantages. They are like the spectator on the hill and the spectator in the valley. The one has far better opportunities of learning particular facts, but the other has far better opportunities of passing a sound and unbiassed judgment on such facts as he does know. The man who knows all about everything and everybody is sure to be in one way a clever man, but the chances are rather against his being a deep man. He is under special temptations to conventional and traditional ways of looking at everything. He looks at everything through the eyes of a particular society which, however brilliant, is still neither the whole world nor even the whole country. He is liable to become the slave of something analogous to routine and red-tape. In short, he must be a man of more power and originality than he is likely to be if he ever ventures on a really thoughtful and independent judgment of the men and the things with every detail of which he is so familiar. The other man's information, on the other hand, is liable to be constantly imperfect and often inaccurate; he may fall into errors of detail which may seriously affect his general inferences; but whenever his information is correct, his general judgment of men and things will be better, because more calm, thoughtful, and unbiassed, than that of the man who can doubtless set him right on many particular points. He is in a far better position for taking the measure of men and things in reference to other men and things, and for comparing the views current among different classes and in different places with one another. In short, in looking at present history he makes some approach to the position of one looking at past history. He will thankfully accept and use the information of the man moving in political circles, with just the same feelings as an historian will accept and use the journals or letters of some long-deceased person. But in both cases the historian or the philosophical politician will reserve the power of judgment



to himself. For he knows that, though his informants see many things much more minutely than himself, they do not really see so far off as he does.

This last illustration leads us to another point, which we suspect that all the world does not quite take in—namely, that the means by which we get our knowledge of past and of present events are really exactly the same. Even an actor on the historic scene cannot be personally cognizant of more than a very small part of what happens. He is dependent for everything else, and ordinary men are dependent for everything, upon exactly the same processes as those by which we attain our knowledge of the facts of past times. We hear or read various statements, we compare and weigh them together, and believe, if we are wise and candid, according to the laws of evidence—if we are not wise and candid, according to our own particular prepossessions. We bring in our own personal, partial, local knowledge to illustrate, sometimes to misinterpret, what we hear about remote times or remote places. Both as to the past and as to the present, every man is liable to mistakes, either from misinformation as to facts, or from errors of judgment in making inferences from facts. But our errors as to the past are exactly the same in kind as our errors as to the present, and we really are not sure that they greatly exceed them in number. In some cases, indeed, we actually know much more about the past than we know about the present, because there are so many sources of information about men and things which are carefully hidden from the contemporary generation, but which are often freely revealed to the men of some generations later. For instance, it is clear that no man can know nearly so much about Louis Napoleon Buonaparte as Mr. Motley knows about Philip the Second. About the mere outward actions of either tyrant there is no doubt, but the portrait of Philip, drawn by his own hand, is now open to all the world, while we do not yet know whether Louis Napoleon is really the craftiest of schemers, or whether he is a man without a purpose, thrown to the head of things by a caprice of fortune, who does not exactly know what to do when he is there.

Lastly, we may remark, that with most men there is an intermediate region between Past and Present of which they commonly know nothing at all. This is the period of their own births, and for some time before and after. To most people this is the most mysterious of all the ages of the world. Luckily, we were not all born at one time, so that the unknown period differs with different people, and there is no one period which is unknown to everybody. There is a large class of men who believe that they know something of Pericles, something of Simon de Montfort, something of Hampden and Falkland, something of Mr. Gladstone, but to whom Lord Liverpool is the profoundest of mysteries. Who was he, and what had he done, that so many people should be born while he was at the head of affairs? One looks with pure and mixed puzzlement at article after article in the two elder *Quarterlies* which discuss the merits and demerits of worthies of that mysterious time, but which never condescend to explain about them in a way intelligible to those to whom they are as yet unknown. Probably there is an earlier time which to the author of those articles is mysterious also, just as there is a generation, including even some of our lawgivers, to whom the age of the Reform Bill must be something equally dark. The reason of course is, that of those times one can remember nothing by memory, while one but seldom studies them as a formal matter of history. In a time when almost everything is learned from words printed, either in books or newspapers, oral tradition does not count for much. In an earlier state of things this was quite different. Herodotus, for instance, got his knowledge of events almost wholly from oral report. Therefore the time immediately before his own—the time which he could not remember himself, but of which there were still living witnesses and actors to inform him—was precisely that which he knew best. Now the age of our own birth commonly forms a sad gap in our knowledge about the world which we read of in our books and the world which we read of in our newspapers.

#### TEMPERANCE AND INTemperance.

WE are indebted to a country physician, Dr. Barclay, of Leicester, for a most sensible pamphlet on the Temperance question. Originally it was delivered as a lecture before the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, and it is published by Bosworth of Regent-street. For ourselves, we can claim to have given some attention to the literature of this subject. We are tolerably familiar with the crude talk of the *Alliance Weekly News* on the one hand, and with the many professional ambiguities, on the other, in which the medical journals indulge when discussing the subject of intoxicating drink. We may, therefore, express a real satisfaction at meeting, in so close a compass, and in so very pleasant a form as Dr. Barclay's lecture, a scientific account of the effects of alcohol on the human physiology, and of the actual extent of disease induced by intemperance, together with statistics which are not the invention of sentiment, and a moral investigation which is founded on the nature of man, and not on the ignorance of an unnatural and prejudiced fanaticism.

Dr. Barclay is emphatically an advocate of temperance, and he is an advocate of temperance because he knows that the use of stimulants is most important to the human economy; because, unless man chooses to live a mere animal, or rather a mere vege-

table life—that is, unless the whole end of his being is to sustain life—he must have recourse to stimulants in some form; because morality is best served by regulating, not by an impotent attempt to extirpate, the human propensities; and because the necessity of stimulants is an instinct, and no universal craving on the part of mankind ought to be resisted. This is why Dr. Barclay is a Temperance advocate, in the true sense of the word. And he says that either a Maine Liquor Law or the Permissive Bill on which at the present moment the Total Abstinents are spending their energies, would, if carried, by closing all public-houses, make every town in England “as besotted and as pharisaical as Glasgow.” He further contends that, after all, the use of stimulants is economically defensible, and that, when honestly examined, the statistics of disease show that only a very minute proportion of deaths can be attributed to intemperance in alcoholic drinks, while scarcely a trace of sickness can be attributed to the use of tobacco. This is the sort of answer which Dean Close wants. Most of Dr. Barclay's facts and reasonings have been produced before; but we scarcely remember to have seen them brought together in so neat a form or detailed in so good a spirit. And it would be a great mistake to suppose that he is insensible to the evils of drunkenness; for he goes so far as to say that he would have the victim of every first case of *delirium tremens* secluded, to which he would add a longer confinement for the second outbreak, and almost total seclusion for confirmed drunkards. He would impose a fine and revive the stocks for the drunkard; and after a certain number of convictions he would have recourse to imprisonment, and to the forfeiture, as in Sweden, of certain political and social rights. After this, it will scarcely suit even the most unscrupulous teetotallers to represent Dr. Barclay as the apologist for a filthy vice; and his vindication of the legitimate use of strong drink becomes more impressive when, as regards vows, he does not hesitate (as we certainly should do) to say that “the vow of the Nazarite is as lawful in its entirety under the Christian dispensation as it was under the Jewish—nay, that any father may impose such restrictions on his children as Jonadab the son of Rechab did.” We do not observe, however, that he goes on to pronounce that the children are bound to observe the paternal prohibition. In another direction, and for purely professional reasons, he also distinguishes between the use and abuse of stimulants. He indicates an apprehension that the present fashionable system, adopted especially in London practice, of administering tonics, may have a tendency to encourage or to pave the way to intemperance. But Dr. Barclay admits that the present recurrence on the part of practitioners to the use of wines and stimulants may be justified by the remarkable fact that all diseases have within the last few years undergone a great change of type, and that violent inflammatory action has been superseded by maladies of a languid and feeble character. Is it that the human animal is wearing out, and that, as the soil after a time refuses to grow the same plant, so the earth is weary of man, and can only nourish a feeble form of life? Is it true that *naturam pati senium*? The dentists tell us that a good set of teeth is almost unknown in the rising race. To what are we to attribute this curious fact? To the senescence of the species, or to the wear and tear of our modern life? We suspect to the latter. The fact, however, is fortified by so much evidence that we cannot question it. Stimulants, therefore, are more necessary than they were forty years ago in medical practice; but the indiscriminate use of stimulants in disease may lead to their abuse when a disease is cured. Still, the abuse of a thing implies its use; and this is Dr. Barclay's argument.

There is one sophism which runs through the whole of the pleas for enforced abstinence—the confusion between the use and abuse of a thing. Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his letter on Tobacco, could not keep clear of it. An irrefragable argument against the profligate abuse of a thing has not the slightest weight against its moderate use. That “one fatal glass of wine, that one moment of indulgence, there was my ruin”—this is the platform commonplace, which, if good for anything, would show that a game of cribbage must be prohibited by law because Mr. Fox lost several fortunes at hazard, or that a woman is never to have a new bonnet because certain husbands have been ruined by milliners' bills. But after the ingenious argument ventured on by those who know better—that because two drops of essential oil of tobacco placed on a cat's tongue are said to have killed the cat, therefore three cigars smoked every day ruin a man's constitution—we cannot be surprised, however we may be disgusted, by the vulgar fallacies of the teetotallers.

Dr. Barclay carries the war into the opposite camp. When the teetotallers confess that out of five hundred thousand persons who have taken the pledge in America, three hundred and fifty thousand have broken it, they prove what science had previously asserted—that a moderate use of alcohol is proper for man; and when the fervid preachers of the platform denounce the waste of our twenty-six millions sterling spent annually on stimulants, it is as well that we should be reminded that the experience of the hydropathic establishments proves an enormous increase in the use of food. In other words, it is plain that if we only drink water, our consumption of farinaceous and animal food must be very largely extended. The effect of alcohol is to arrest the destruction of the tissues and to utilize the constituents of life; and therefore, under the present conditions of modern life, where the nervous system is liable to so much waste, alcoholic substances, as the most portable form of accessory diet, are more than ever necessary. If, as is the case in infancy, the only purpose of life

were to live, the complementary diets of animal, farinaceous, and leguminous food would be sufficient to sustain life; but as soon as man begins to work and think, alcohol, as preventing and arresting the destruction of tissue, is the cheapest food. If a man has a shilling to spend on food, he will do a better day's work on nine pennyworth of bread and meat and three pennyworth of beer, than on six pennyworth of bread, six pennyworth of meat, and *quantum suff.* of water. So much for the alleged waste of the national resources in the matter of strong drink.

Another important fact is, that total abstinence from stimulating drink actually predisposes to certain diseases. Of the European regiments in India the sick are to the strong—

Teetotallers . . . . .	31.30 per cent.
Temperate . . . . .	17.78 "
Intemperate . . . . .	50.16 "

In fever, dysentery, and diarrhoea, the average is in favour even of the intemperate as against the total abstainer. In his own practice Dr. Barclay finds some remarkable statistics. In 3476 cases of disease, he finds 5 per cent. only attributable to drink, and 0.55 to tobacco. And he adds:—

The result of such an investigation shows the folly of trusting to vague ideas of numbers. It is stated, on medical authority too, in some of the teetotal books, that—

"The diseases distinctly referable to ardent spirits alone, amount to 75 cases out of 100 . . . . ."

"About 50 per cent. of all the sickness admitted to the Glasgow Infirmary, is connected more or less with the use of spirituous liquors."

I quote these two assertions to show their utter fallacy; they are the only two distinct associations of numbers that I can find to lay hold of. Such expressions as "tens of thousands dying," "destroying more lives than the sword," "vast amount of disease," "large proportion of all disease," are quite common . . . . The same gross exaggeration has prevailed with regard to cases of lunacy. Lord Shaftesbury stated publicly that 50 per cent. of them could be traced to intemperance. The numbers, even in Edinburgh and Glasgow, are only 24 and 21 per cent.; while in an average of five asylums taken at random in England, Scotland, and the United States, the average per cent. is scarcely above 14.

We should be glad to think that this was a solitary case in which the noble philanthropist had drawn upon his fancy for his facts.

Dr. Barclay argues, as has been often argued before, that the recent French treaty is a great boon to the cause of true temperance; and for the first time we find in his pamphlet a statement, not of the consumption, which of course is as yet impossible to ascertain, but of the importation of French wines consequent upon Mr. Gladstone's measure. He states it as 11,381,000 gallons, imported during the past eleven months of 1860, against 6,914,000 in 1859.

Our chief reason for calling attention to Dr. Barclay's pamphlet, besides its practical tone and valuable contents, is that suggestions for a Bill equivalent in its main particulars to a Maine Liquor Law are now actively canvassed by the teetotal lecturers. The provisions of this threatened measure are incredible. It seeks to prohibit the manufacture, the selling or furnishing, of any intoxicating liquor, except for sacramental, medicinal, chemical, and mechanical purposes. A salaried agent is to be appointed for these purposes. For the first offence the penalty is a fine—for subsequent offences, imprisonment. Liquors may be seized, the houses of suspected persons may be searched, drunken persons are to be arrested, and when sober to be examined on oath as to where they obtained the liquor; and if they refuse to answer, to be committed to prison "during pleasure." A married woman may maintain an action or information in her own name, irrespectively of the consent of her husband. With these abominable suggestions Dr. Barclay contrasts the law of true temperance. In place of calling publicans hard names, and instead of slanging the frequenters of the public-house, let the gentlefolks mix with the poor, and so insensibly elevate them to a sense of self-respect. Let us never forget that it is easy for people with comfortable homes to abuse those to whom the public-house alone offers the comforts of light and warmth and society, and that these things are natural to man. Decent homes, inoffensive recreations, evening exhibitions and concerts in towns, the summer cricket-field or the winter lecture in villages—these are the best Maine Liquor laws. The Sunday excursion-train, or even the Sunday band, is not the road to the gin-shop; and we are not disposed to forget that if Scotland is the most Sabbatarian and Calvinistic country upon earth, its town populations at least are the most drunken of drunkards.

#### OFFICIALISM IN PRUSSIA.

THE diplomatic correspondence touching the railway outrage upon Captain Macdonald at Bonn, which excited so much attention in the autumn, has at last been laid before Parliament. For all but historical purposes it comes rather late. But it may still serve to point a moral; and, at all events, it has dispelled all doubt from many of the most controverted facts. It will be remembered that it was charged against Captain Macdonald that he had originally created the quarrel by pushing Madame Parow, the wife of a German doctor, out of her place in a railway carriage. It is now established, by the evidence of the German bystanders, that he not only did not push her at all, but that he committed no sort of act of violence upon any one in the carriage. It was alleged that he had struck the station-master with his fists on the chest. It is now established by the same evidence

that this allegation is an absolute fiction. Or the other hand, there appears to be no doubt that, when he attempted to explain to Dr. Parow that the place he was occupying was taken, that Dr. Parow abused him in the coarsest terms; and further, that Dr. Parow summoned the station-master to his aid, who joined in the abuse, and attempted to drag Captain Macdonald out of the carriage. It is also asserted that the station-master was peculiarly dependent on Doctor Parow, and therefore from interested motives at once took his side in the dispute. For the offence of wishing to retain his seat, and being unable to express himself with sufficient fluency in German, our countryman was dragged out by the heels upon the platform by a gallant cohort of policemen, his sister-in-law insulted and roughly handled by the same officials, himself cast into a squalid prison for six days, and compelled to share the society and filthy habits, and, for a portion of the time at least, the still filthier food of the common criminals of Bonn. The prompt interference of the English Embassy secured him a discharge at the end of that period on payment of a fine; but before that interference had time to operate, the State Procurator, Möller, into whose hands he had fallen, talked of an infliction of two years' imprisonment. The only illegality he had committed to justify this ferocious treatment of an unoffending traveller was that he had struggled in the hands of the station-master who had attempted to drag him out of the carriage. That he should evince some discontent at being arrested for no other crime than that of trying to persuade a German doctor to be polite, was natural enough in a man who had not been brought up with the proper German awe of an official. The meek servility with which Germans submit to every freak of a *Beamte* can only be practised successfully by those who are to the manner born. But the Prussian tribunal itself has admitted that in this one rebellious push there was nothing approaching to violence. The crime of it was that it desecrated the sacred person of an official.

Captain Macdonald, of course, appealed to the Foreign Office, and a long correspondence followed, which only came to a conclusion six weeks ago. The upshot of it is, that Lord John Russell abandons all notion of compensation, but expresses in his tartest style his sense of the tyranny of the small Prussian officials, and the unfriendliness which is evinced by the zeal of the Prussian Government to screen their oppressive conduct from punishment. There is little doubt that this decision is substantially correct. Compensation can only be claimed by England, according to the usages of international law, where a British subject has been maltreated illegally according to the laws of the country in which the maltreatment has taken place. The flaw in Captain Macdonald's case is, that though he has received the harshest treatment possible within the limit of the enormous power confided by the Prussian law to the meanest *employé*, that limit has not been outstepped. Any Prussian might have been subjected to the same outrages, if he had happened to meet with a passenger equally insolent and an official equally arbitrary and corrupt. The yoke which has galled Captain Macdonald is that which all Prussians have constantly to bear. The penalties of *lèse-majesté* are everywhere severe; but in Prussia the majesty is many-headed. The people live under a despotism of officials. The person of the official is absolutely sacred. His sensitive feelings are guarded by the law with the most anxious care. As far as the subject is concerned, he can do no wrong, and say no wrong—at least if he does, he may only be censured for it by his superior, who is bound by the code of professional honour to see him harmless. If a Prussian official kicks any being of inferior clay, Prussian or foreign, it is at the latter's peril if he returns the kick, or hints the slightest reflection upon the social excellences of the kicker. If he gives way to any such impulse, he commits an offence for which the Prussian law permits a sentence of two years' imprisonment. If he should be so unreasonable as to dislike being kicked, it is open to him to complain to the kicker's superior; and when that superior has sent him off with the information that he is a *Lumme!*, he may go on to the superior next in degree, and so on through a long ladder of appeals, till he reaches the hopeless bureau of the impenetrable Minister of Justice himself. The sequel of Captain Macdonald's affair brought into still stronger relief the strange inviolability of the official. The State prosecutor, Möller, in pressing for a severe sentence against the Captain, attempted to aggravate his supposed offence by treating him as a specimen of a large class. All the English travelling on the Continent, he said, were guilty of similar arrogance and presumption, and also of *Lummelei*. On the meaning of this mysterious word, a great deal of linguistic learning has been expended. The English residents at Bonn translated it "blackguardism." An expert who was summoned to interpret the word before the court in the subsequent trial, after much hesitation, gave his opinion that "lubber" was the only true English rendering of the word *Lumme!*. However, the English who were at Bonn, without stopping to reflect whether they preferred to be called lubbers or blackguards, publicly protested against the insult that had been inflicted on them in open court. The protest was a very mild one. In England we should have thought it a weak and tame rejoinder to such a slander; but the Prussian law and the Prussian Government looked upon it with very different eyes, for it affected the sacred person of an official, and therefore, as the Attorney-General afterwards expressed it, was an insult on the whole bureaucracy. The protesters who had presumptuously objected to being called lubbers or blackguards by the refined Möller in open court, were immediately indicted,



tried, and sentenced to punishments of considerable severity; nor could any representations of the English Government induce the Prussian Government to overlook this affront to the majesty of officialism.

In a political point of view, the inference from these transactions is that the English are unpopular on the Rhine, and that the Prussian Government cares very little about the goodwill of England. We sincerely trust that the time may never come when she will need it. But the moral for all private persons is that, under existing circumstances, they had better keep quite clear of Prussian railways. There is nothing in the tale which might not happen to any Englishman travelling in Prussia, granted the contingency of an insolent German passenger and a station-master anxious to please him. Captain Macdonald only behaved as most other men under the same circumstances would behave. Most travellers would dislike being ejected from their seats at a moment's notice by wandering orthopedic doctors, would express their dislike in the best and most courteous German they could command, and would certainly struggle in the hands of any official who should thereupon proceed to tug them out of the carriage. It is an accident which may happen to any man any day on any Prussian line. But any passenger who falls into such trouble now knows what he has before him. He will be dragged out on to the platform by whatever part of his person may first come handy to the enraged corps of officials. He will be thrown into a filthy prison, where the cell in which he is confined is a *multum in parvo* containing all requisites in an unusual proximity, and where the cloacal arrangements are analogous to those usually provided for pet cats in an English house. He will further be supplied with food which it will make him sick to eat, and he will enjoy all the mental and physical advantages resulting from the close companionship of German felons for a week. As soon as these formalities are over, and he has paid a thumping fine for the lesson, he will be at liberty to prosecute his travels until he meets with another insolent doctor and another official like the Bonn station-master. But if our countrymen will insist on travelling by Prussian railways, they must look to their conduct and mend their independent ways. They must look on every fat, unceremonious German traveller as a possible Dr. Parow, with a possible station-master at his beck. If he smokes in their faces they must not object to the fragrant compliment. If he roughly turn their wives or sisters out of their seats, they must cultivate the virtue of meekness, and say in an audible tone that the Germans are a remarkably polite people. If he call them "English louts," they must smile and bow, lest an excursion, heels foremost, on to the nearest platform should be necessary for the purpose of convincing them of the fact. These would, no doubt, be unpleasant experiences; but they are better than a week's sojourn in the nearest gaol. Let them not console themselves with the argument that these things have not happened to them hitherto on their travels; for Prussian officialism will turn its scourges into scorpions, and walk at least two inches higher for its victory over English independence. Let them rather console themselves with the reflection that the Prussians have long endured with patience all that they are undergoing, and that if they reside in Prussia long enough, they too may acquire some power over some wretchedly paid official, and that then they will enjoy the unalloyed gratification of insulting other people in their turn. But above all let them not expect redress if they wilfully expose themselves to dangers of which a startling instance has made them thoroughly aware.

#### REACTION IN THE COMMONS.

WE have so often dealt with the principles of the Bills introduced respectively by Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Monckton Milnes, that we are not tempted to repeat our adverse criticisms. If we cannot lavish good words now on the departed, we are at least invited to exercise that magnanimity which does not condescend to prey upon corpses. Wednesday afternoon presented the most striking proof of what has long been observable—that the Conservatives, and especially the Church, owe much to Mr. Bright and the Liberation Society. If it were within the province of the Church as by law established to canonize its benefactors, the member for Rochdale would certainly be included in the calendar; and so uniform and consistent has been the advance of the spirit of fairness and liberality towards the Church since the Liberation Society said its say, that we are almost compelled to believe in a collusive suit. The Church party are not remarkable for their tactics, and we hardly gave them credit for the ingenuity of subsidizing Dr. Forster; but if it were possible for the rural deans to take a leaf out of Machiavelli, the defeat of Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Monckton Milnes might be accounted for as an instance of a deep and successful clerical plot. But, to do the rustic clergy justice, we do not take them for politicians. A few wise heads in London, embodied in a Society formed to counteract a similar body known only as "Joseph Stansbury, M.A.," have worked the "Opposition to Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister" to a favourable issue; but we do the general clerical body no wrong when we attribute to them an oscillation between supineness and foolhardiness. They are apathetic when agitation would do some good, and irrational just when a favourable compromise is possible. They are stirred to exertion when it is too late; and, as in the Church Rate question, when compromise is a duty, they throw

up their caps and scream "No Surrender." It is undeniable that the general feeling of society is against any tampering with the existing marriage laws; but society, whose question it is, owes no thanks to the clergy for helping to express to Parliament that general feeling. The petitions for a change, purchased though they may be, are as some ten to one for those against it; and though in this, as in the case of Mr. Dillwyn's Bill, the reaction in the House of Commons is complete and decisive, it must be attributed rather to the bad tactics of the assailants than to the skill of the garrison. The Marriage Law Defence Association, by its public meetings, its tracts, its speeches, and its general energy, no doubt has contributed most essentially both to keep 177 members together and to prevent the opposite host from numbering more than 172; but a measure which would have changed the moral character of every family in England has been arrested rather by indirect than by direct opposition.

It will be remembered that, for several consecutive sessions, a Bill has passed the Commons for relaxing the prohibited degrees. Thirty-four favourable divisions for the Bill are counted up by its friends. So generally was it felt to be a question which some day or other must be yielded, that the last time the Bill was before the Lords it was only defeated by a majority of ten, most of the bishops declining the trouble to record their votes against it. The rejection of Mr. Monckton Milnes' Bill by a majority of five—six, including Mr. Gladstone, "accidentally shut out"—is a very remarkable Parliamentary fact. For the first time "the Three Denominations of Dissenters," the formal Baptist Board, and other organizations, adopted the innovation. The gentleman intrusted with Dissenting interests—Sir Morton Peto—took the Bill under his especial protection. How came it to be defeated? Many causes concurred. The exertions of the Society presided over by the Dean of Westminster and Vice-Chancellor Wood did something, and the argument did something; but the advocates for the measure did more. Lord John Russell, who voted for it and spoke against it on the last occasion that it was before the Commons, purposely or by blunder contributed largely to its rejection when in Mr. Monckton Milnes' hands. His avowal, indiscreet or malicious, that the matter could not stop here, helped the opponents of the Bill wonderfully. As soon as it became known that, if men might marry their wives' sisters, it must soon follow as a matter of course that a woman might marry her husband's brother, and that uncles and nieces might contract all sorts of unions, society was alarmed. Then the great case of *Brook v. Brook* opened people's eyes to the state of the law. The impudent assertion of Mr. Stansbury, that the prohibitory law only dated from Lord Lyndhurst's Act, was very rudely dispelled by the solemn judgment in the House of Lords. Some recent and curious cases in Scotland and Ireland showed the danger of having separate marriage laws for different parts of the United Kingdom. The firm attitude taken by Scotland and Ireland against the Bill showed that something like a rebellion would be the consequence of forcing it across the Tweed or the Channel; and everybody saw in an instant that the time was most inopportune for an innovating legislation which made separate marriage laws on each side of the Tweed and for each shore of St. George's Channel.

These were perhaps among the formal and external causes of the rejection of the Wife's Sister Bill. Mr. Dillwyn's measure miscarried, and deserved to miscarry, because the Charitable Trustees Act of last year was intended to be final, and was accepted by all parties as a compromise. The House of Commons is very impatient of opening a closed grievance. Mr. Dillwyn's pertinacity looked, as indeed it was, like bad faith. The subject might on its renewal be fairly considered a bore, and Mr. Dillwyn a nuisance. The House took this view, and could afford to take it. The Dissenters had already got a very good bargain, and had consented to it. If either they or the Church disavowed a contract after signing and sealing it, they invited that summary vengeance which treats a truce-breaker as beyond the rules of war. This was the reason why the Government was conspicuous by its absence on Wednesday's first division.

For the second defeat sustained by the Dissenters—for so their own organs placard it—other reasons than those we have already specified may be assigned. The Wife's Sister question is one which, the more it is discussed and brought into publicity, the more it offends people. It is found out, as by other things, so by the working of the Divorce Court, that the least that is said in the way of disturbing people about marriage the better. The subject is one which will not bear minute and close examination. We take it as we receive it, and as society has received it; but directly we set about altering the existing state of things, and innovating and extemporising another law of marriage, there is no end to the recondit and subtle questions which are set rolling and stumbling in the way of people's consciences, or tastes, or passions. We do not argue or treat the matter on religious or controversial grounds, but its social aspect became alarming to those who knew or cared nothing about the vexed verse in Deuteronomy. If we may marry our wife's sister, though it has hitherto been forbidden, why not somebody nearer? If so much can be said against prohibitions from affinity, is it—such will be the next question of those who are invited or disposed to a change—so very plain that alliances in consanguinity are wrong? If we believe the Book of Genesis, Cain and Abel must have married their sisters; and Mr. Champneys has told us that whatever God has sanctioned in the Bible can't be wrong. This is what some people would

say; and it is not pleasant to hear it said. And common-sense folks have got disgusted, and this amongst other things has led to the majority against Mr. Milnes. And so has another argument—and a religious one—adopted with one consent by the Dissenters, and relied upon by Sir Morton Peto in the debate. It is this:—Man has no right to prohibit what God has not in the Bible prohibited. As a religious dictum we have no concern with it; but its social consequences are tremendous. This most monstrous sentiment really has alarmed quiet people who respect and regard human society. If the marriage in question is to be permitted because God has not forbidden it, it was felt that we should be cutting at the root of every conceivable marriage law. Clandestine marriages are not forbidden in Scripture; the marriage of minors is not forbidden; abduction is not forbidden. Is it social tyranny to introduce such prohibitions? Bigamy is not forbidden in Scripture; polygamy is inferentially permitted; to marry a brother's widow is, under certain circumstances, commanded. Gaming is not forbidden in Scripture, nor suicide, nor forgery. If this argument, grounded on the silence of Scripture, was to be allowed, public opinion began to be shocked at the lengths to which Mr. Stansbury's anonymous clients were betraying us all. The arguments of the advocates for innovation proved too much at least for the House of Commons. On the whole, it was felt that the marriage laws were best left alone, and that the freedom and happiness of the family actually depended on a multiplicity of restrictions on marriage. It was found that the fewer the prohibitions of marriage the less was the actual freedom of the home.

In the East, where every man can marry almost every woman, even of the nearest blood, the harem and polygamy are the correlatives of this freedom from prohibitions in marriage. If the Dissenters had not argued so much, especially so scripturally, in favour of the Bill, they might not have suffered this reverse. The like fate probably attends Sir Morton Peto's Bill for allowing Dissenters the free use of services in churchyards. As in the case of Mr. Dillwyn's measure, here, again, is breaking a bargain. The Dissenters were allowed to have unconsecrated and non-Church-of-England cemeteries in almost every parish in England, and all these to be paid for, generally speaking, by Churchmen's money. This was the compromise to which the Church was ready, or compelled, to submit. The bargain was that each religious body was to have its own burial-ground; and now it is asked by the Dissenters to keep their own ground to themselves, and to go shares with the Church also. We doubt whether public opinion, as represented in Parliament, will support this claim. The mistake in the policy of the Liberation Society is, that they have shown their cards too soon. We now know what they want. Ecclesiastical supremacy, tyranny, or bigotry is not pleasant under any form; but the bigotry of Bethesda and the supremacy of Rehoboth, and dictation from the "Board of the Three Denominations" must be resisted at all hazards.

#### THE PUFF MATRIMONIAL.

THE journal which performs for Parisians those honourable functions of systematized jocularity which *Punch* has so long and so brilliantly discharged amongst ourselves, might well be made the pretext for a homily on national characteristics, and for patriotic exultation as to the superiority of British wit and British morals. The pages of *Charivari* have nothing so truly humorous, and at the same time so perfectly innocent, as the sketches which from week to week collect a grinning crowd about the windows of the news-shops, and increase our long accumulating debt of gratitude to the fertile brains and skilful fingers of Mr. Leech and his coadjutors. The necessities of Imperialism have hitherto restrained political jesting within the narrowest bounds, and even Frenchmen have found it difficult to be brilliant amid the sullen silence of compulsory loyalty. The fun which amongst free people flies boldly at tripping statesmen or unpopular measures, has been taught to confine itself, under a watchfully paternal Government, to the events of the theatre, the condition of the pavement, and the conventional irregularities of *demi-monde* entertainments. One joke, however, and one of the most frequently repeated of any, is such as even a bishop might condescend to smile at, and the strictest father of a family might encounter without a blush. It is M. de Foy, Inventor and Founder of the Matrimonial Profession, taking leave of a grateful world, and offering to continue to a select circle of especially distinguished applicants those intermediary services which advancing years forbid him any longer to perform for society at large. M. de Foy, like other Frenchmen, understands his epoch, and knows that, to the nineteenth century at any rate, a good thing is none the less good for being grandiloquently described. He advertises himself accordingly with an unctuous audacity that would really do credit to an Imperial pamphleteer. His modest consciousness of merit, his reluctance to dwell upon past deserts, his zeal for the cause of humanity, all tell of the ideal which is the guiding star of his career, and towards which his dreams of ambition lead him. M. de Foy fixes his eye upon the sovereign of his country, and resolves in a small way to be the counterpart of Napoleon the Third. If the one has restored an Empire, the other flatters himself that he has founded a system, and, like his great prototype, is entirely disinclined to suffer for want of a *vates sacer* to make his merits generally known. The countrymen of M. de Lagueronnière

cannot more becomingly attest their loyalty to the existing régime than by modelling their style upon that of its official panegyrists; and if imitation is the sincerest flattery, M. de Foy's method of calm and vigorous self-assertion may be regarded as the most elaborate compliment ever yet paid to the present occupier of the Tuileries. Forty years ago, then, it appears that he started upon his career of philanthropic usefulness. For forty years he has borne with the perverseness of an unsympathetic generation, and has been endeavouring to make one half of society fall in love with the other. Marriage is the great problem of our times, and to marriage M. de Foy has devoted all his abilities, all his enthusiasm, and all his enormous powers of discreet taciturnity. No luckless Cœlebs, for the last forty years, need have despaired of being happily mated; for M. de Foy could have found him a congenial partner, ascertained the lady's age, disposition, and fortune—made love for him, proposed for him, accepted him, drawn up the marriage settlement, fixed the happy day, decided on the future residence—and no doubt, if necessary, chosen the bridesmaids' dresses, and composed an appropriate speech for the wedding breakfast. "When an honourable and serious man" first thinks about marrying, what, we are asked, is his first step to be? First, of course, he will call in the aid of M. de Foy, and the matter is forthwith set *en train*. An experience of forty years is not without its legitimate results, and the happy novice is at once initiated into the outer mysteries of the matrimonial profession. On the calendar of his precious books are registered in order fair the names of thousands of the most bewitching of their species—all lovely, all adorable, and all entrusted to M. de Foy's negotiations.

"Bis mihi sunt septem prestanti corpore nymphæ" would be an insultingly inadequate description of the feminine treasures at his disposal. Every variety that the exigencies of bachelorhood can call for may here be found. Young and enchanting widows with the most desirable jointures—fair *débutantes*, in all the innocent loveliness of their first season, with the bloom of the nursery still fresh upon them—elderly ladies, suitable to the calmer passion of advancing years—heiresses for the needy adventurer—peasant girls for the eccentric millionaire—M. de Foy has them all at his own and his clients' convenience. If the description were any one else's, scepticism would be natural and excusable. "Certains esprits étroits et arriérés hésiteraient à croire." But as it is, hesitation would be outrageous. The honourable and serious man accordingly takes his choice, and "the high contracting parties" commence proceedings by exchanging references. M. de Foy's labours are, however, but just beginning. Through his agency, the preliminaries are disposed of. "On signe un traité synallagmatique et conditionnel contenant toujours les noms des deux familles." Still, however, the difficulty is but half overcome. "Il reste encore le point le plus épineux à résoudre," and skilled intervention is more than ever essential. "Par combinaisons intelligentes, méditées à froid, par un mécanisme simple, soumis et approuvé par les deux parties, la négociation arrive à la solution." Both parties concerned glide imperceptibly into each other's affections, and the pangs of despised love and mortified vanity are evils which no longer, like guardian dragons, beset the portals of married life. When a blow has to be given, it is M. de Foy's skilled and tender hand that gives it, and nothing is done to outrage the most delicate susceptibility. All notes are written in hieroglyphics, and he alone possesses the key. His secrets, he tells us, are his, and his alone. When, years ago, he started in his profession, he soon became alive to its crushing realities. "His house was a mere confessional," his ledger the depository of all the most sacred confidences of his age. No one, he resolved, should ever share so terrible a responsibility. He refused, *par discrétion*, to train a pupil as a successor; and now when his fame is at its apogee, he might be expected to put up so much valuable information for sale, and to retire with the net proceeds to an honourable repose. But no; "pour conserver cette même discrétion, cabinet, lettres, notes et correspondances—tout mourra avec M. de Foy, et la profession matrimoniale gérée par tristes nullités, retombera dans l'enfance et la déconsidération où M. de Foy l'a prise il y a quarante ans." This for sublimity is unsurpassed; no one, we should hope, would be inclined to dispute the legitimacy of honours so fairly earned, and so heroically laid aside. "Seul j'ai droit de porter ce titre, Innovateur Fondateur de la profession matrimoniale—parceque c'est moi, de Foy, qui l'ai relevée, innovée et fait sanctionner."

The closing scene of the *Maison de Foy* is not unworthy its brilliant antecedents. Its founder is retiring, but he retires in a manner particularly graceful and ingenious. One by one, the ties which bind him to earth give way, and the vulgar ties give way the first. Already he is dead to all but the genteel classes of society; already, as a veteran diplomatist, he declines to recognise any but the five Great Powers in Europe, though he is graciously prepared to admit the existence of a Transatlantic continent. The poor Belgians, and Spanish, and Piedmontese, must get married as best they can, and conduct their vulgar loves without any extraneous assistance. But the limitations are not merely territorial. Even at home a spirit of severe exclusiveness is maintained. "Sur le point de quitter les affaires M. de Foy désire se renfermer dans une clientèle restreinte et de choix; noblesse, magistrature, diplomatie, charges en titre, propriétaires; or c'est à dire toutes les positions secondaires seront éliminées." No Marchioness of the old régime could have been more majestically contemptuous. The true aristocratic sentiment has



evidently found a last refuge in the Maison de Foy, where the very cream of society alone is to be found, and where landed proprietors are the lowest recognised species. M. de Foy is inexorably aristocratic, and will doubtless before long refuse his services for everything short of royal alliances. Marriage has always been a trouble to the Napoleons, and the civil list of France may possibly still have room for one more faithful dependent, who certainly writes a good bold style, and whose modesty would probably not stand in the way of his making himself generally useful.

#### THE EDUCATION COMMISSIONERS ON CHARITIES.

ONE of the most important parts of the Report of the Education Commissioners consists in their recommendations with respect to Charities, and here we find the influence of the Oxford Commissioners most fully developed. The subject-matter is the same as that dealt with by the Oxford Commission; the same moral as well as economical considerations are involved; the same largeness of view and boldness of plan are conspicuous; and even though it should appear that a larger and more sweeping re-appropriation of founders' gifts is contemplated, it must at once be admitted that the abuses to be remedied are greater, while there are not in the smaller grammar schools, as in the universities, the same traditional feelings to shock or the same difficulties between experiment and experience to face. After the prolonged existence and corresponding labours of the Charity Commissioners for so many years, it is perhaps disheartening to find that a Hercules is yet wanted to clean the stable. But the policy of gathering up the things that remain that nothing be lost—a policy always prudent—is in this case a matter of the plainest duty. England, as Guizot has observed, is almost the only country in Europe in which the ancient endowments for religion and charity remain; and unless we set our house in order in fine weather, there will be nothing to set in order when the storm sets in, from which, for at least three hundred years, we have been spared. The conclusions at which the Education Commissioners arrive are these:—1. That the educational charities are capable of being turned to better account. 2. That of the charities not at present applicable to education, some might, under proper authority, be lawfully and advantageously applied to that purpose. Upon which principles, elementary truisms as they appear to be, are grounded a string of recommendations, of which the summary is—That the Charity Commission be converted into a department of the Privy Council, and that the present Committee of Council on Education become the Committee of Council on Education and Charities, with power to make ordinances to improve existing educational charities, and to convert to purposes of education charities useless or misapplied. Power is to be left to trustees to appeal against new ordinances of Committee. Of course against such recommendations the cry of centralization will be raised by politicians, while on the moral side, the reverence due to founders' wills will, as before, be repeated. Before discussing either of these points it may be as well to consider what improvements the Commissioners have in view. They are as follows:—To adapt the instruction in Endowed Schools to the requirements of the class to whom it ought to be given; a re-distribution of the income of Endowed Schools between the several objects of the foundation; the application of capital to improvement of school premises; the extension of free schools by converting them either into industrial schools or ordinary day schools; the reform of Christ's Hospital; the abolition of restrictions, especially that of narrow local claims—"provided that this power shall not affect restrictions imposed by the founder in regard to the religious denomination of trustees or teachers, or in regard to the religious instruction to be given in these schools;" the combination of small endowments; and the reorganization of boards of trustees. These are the principles of the proposed dealing with existing charities for education—or, as the Commissioners prefer to phrase it, educational charities—while for the future the reformed schools are to be subject to the audit and inspection of the Privy Council. Provision is also to be made for the appointment of qualified and competent masters, and for their removal when inefficient. Sundry recommendations of increased facilities for building and endowing poor-schools, and for giving power to vestries to accept school buildings on trust, and to keep them in repair, conclude this very practical part of the Commissioners' Report.

No doubt there is, and there must be, vagueness in these suggestions. Theoretically, nobody could object to "the adaptation of the instruction given in endowed schools to the requirements of the class to whom it ought to be given." *Ought* is a very indefinite term, which may be construed with the utmost latitude or with the narrowest severity. Some will accept the Commissioners' formula on the interpretation of "founder's kin," while the more enthusiastic "educationists" will scarcely be satisfied with anything short of a competitive examination, open to the ingenious infancy of all England, for the high prize of admission to the scholarship of five shillings a-year in the ancient borough of Hognorton. Who *ought* to be the recipients of a founder's bounty is, of course, the whole question; and this leads up to the facts of the case.

We believe that the Commissioners have exercised a sound judgment in declining to accept the coarse and indiscriminate assertions which have been advanced as to the actual effect of endowments in the old grammar-schools. To take the opinion of some witnesses, endowments had better as a whole be

confiscated. Herefordshire seems to hold a bad pre-eminence in abuse, and our vigorous reformers would be glad if all its school endowments were confiscated and all its apple-trees cut down. "The one pauperize, the other brutalize, the population." The general conclusion seems to be that a small endowment on a school, just sufficient to keep an inferior master idle, and not enough to attract ability either to the scholars' form or the master's desk, is the curse of the old grammar-school system. When it is remembered that the income of the educational charities is said to exceed 370,000*l.*, and that we are actually called upon to pay more than 800,000*l.* a year for the education grant, the question is as much a taxpayer's as a theorist's. The vice of existing institutions is not so much positive mis-application of funds and such abuse of trusts as the Attorney-General can interfere with, as languor and inactivity. The Commissioners therefore admit that the system requires stimulants rather than the knife. They do not propose to abolish local privileges, local trusteeships, local responsibility, but they suggest control, inspection, and what will come to be General Minutes, as in the present distribution of the grant to poor schools. Already considerable and silent reforms have been introduced into grammar schools. The narrow interpretation of the term grammar has been practically enlarged; and the middle classes, which can scarcely be said to have existed in the time, and therefore not in the mind of the founder, have been admitted to the benefits of foundation schools nominally restricted to the poor. Facts prove the possibility of reconverting charity and endowed schools; but it is to be feared that reform has not touched the majority of these institutions. Local liberality is repressed, idleness is encouraged in the teachers, and temptations are held out to the ratepayers to appropriate local means to the relief of the poor-rate, and to supply gratuitous instruction to those whom it would be a positive moral benefit to compel to pay for the education of their children. These are graver faults, and of larger incidence, than the occasional drunkenness of some solitary schoolmaster on the Westmoreland hills; and the question—a very interesting one—arises, whether the abuse of a charity school depends on the amount of the endowment? Here generalization is found to be difficult. Charity schools which have an adequate endowment, say of 80*l.* a year, may be good or bad; and even in cases where the endowment is very small, say of 15*l.* or 20*l.* a year, it is often a useful make-weight, and just constitutes the difference between a school and no school in a struggling parish. The nature of the trust generally makes all the difference in charity schools. The efficiency of the master is contingent on the sense of responsibility of the trustees. Where the trustees have a position or character at stake, they usually elect a respectable master; where the election is in the hands of the rate-payers, a job may be expected. It seems, then, to come to this—that the endowment is not the cause of the inefficiency of the schools, but the trust, and especially its exercise in the appointment of masters. Nothing, it is to be feared, but central supervision will compel trustees to do their duty.

Now, is this central authority inconsistent with the founder's intentions? We believe that the phrase "founder's intentions" is often construed in the narrowest spirit. What the founder intended in endowing a school was to get the very best school his money could buy; to do the greatest amount of good his benefaction would purchase; to raise from a lower to a higher class the greatest number; and in appointing local trusts he thought that he had, by appealing to public opinion, done the best for their efficiency. When these ends are not attained, it is unquestionable that founder's intentions are not complied with. The dilemma is of the easiest. If a founder intended to establish a bad school, the law ought not to respect or to perpetuate his folly or mischief; if he intended to found a good school, it is the business of the law to carry out his intention. A bad master and a bad trust are the greatest wrongs to a founder's intention; and as regards centralization, it may perhaps turn out that the very object which the founder had in view when he framed a local constitution, will be best attained by a central control. What he wished to attain by a local trust was efficient supervision. Some other points in this division of the Report we reserve for further discussion.

#### THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER began last Saturday to deliver a Course of Lectures at the Royal Institution. The subject of this Course is to be the Science of Language, and the Lecturer intends to show that the scientific study of language, in contradistinction to the practical study of languages, ought by right to have a place among the physical and inductive sciences. As this is a completely new theory, we hope from time to time to give a report of the Professor's Lectures.

The first Lecture was chiefly introductory. The Professor dwelt in the beginning on some of the difficulties he should have to contend with in his Lectures—his imperfect knowledge of the language, his inability to illustrate his teaching by means of experiments or diagrams, and, above all, the short space of nine lectures allowed to him for a subject as wide as the world and as old as the human race. However, though mistrusting himself, he could not, he said, mistrust his subject. The researches into the history of language that had been carried on during the last fifty years deserved, he considered, a much larger share of

public sympathy than they had hitherto received, and the discoveries that had been made need not fear comparison with the most brilliant discoveries of our age. He compared the study of words with the study of stones. To the schoolboy, he remarked, the study of words may be tedious, as breaking of stones is to the wayside labourer. But to the thoughtful eye of the geologist the same stones are full of interest; he sees miracles on the high road, and reads chronicles in every ditch. Thus, Language, too, has marvels of her own, which she unveils to the inquiring glance of the patient student. There are chronicles below her surface, there are sermons in every word. Language is sacred ground, because it is the deposit of thought. Without pronouncing an opinion whether language was a production of nature, a work of human art, or a divine gift, the lecturer remarked that, to whatever sphere it might belong, it would seem to be unsurpassed in it by anything else. If it be a production of nature, he said, it is her last and crowning production which she reserved for man alone. If it be a work of human art, it would seem to lift the human artist almost to the level of a divine creator. If it be the gift of God, it is God's greatest gift, for through it God spake to man, and man speaks to God in worship, prayer, and meditation.

The lecturer then proceeded to examine the history of the other physical sciences, in order to show the analogy between them and the science of language. Every physical science, he said, has had to pass through three periods or stages—the *empirical*, the *classificatory*, and the *metaphysical*. Every science can be traced back in its beginning to the most humble and homely occupations of semi-barbarous tribes. Geometry, as its very name declares, began with measuring a field. Botany was not the science of plants, but of *botanē*, the Greek term for fodder. Many of the terms used in astronomy were traced back to the farmer and the sailor. The *pleiades* were the sailing-stars, the *hyades* the rain-stars. The *moon*, the lecturer remarked—the golden hand on the dark dial of heaven—was called by the ancients the *Measurer*, the *measurer of time*, for time was measured by nights and moons and winters long before it was reckoned by days, and suns, and years. Moon is the Anglo-Saxon *mona*, and was used there as a masculine, not as a feminine. The Greek *mēn*, month, and *mēnē*, moon, the Latin *mensis*, moon, and the Sanskrit *mās*, moon, and *māsa*, month, are all derived from a root, *mā*, to measure, to meet; from which also the Sanskrit *mā-tram*, the Greek *me-tron*, our metre. As the moon was originally called the measurer, the ruler of days, and weeks, and seasons, the regulator of tides, the lord of festivals, and the herald of public assemblies, he was naturally conceived as a man, and not as a love-sick maiden, which our modern sentimental poetry has put in his place. The lecturer pointed out that though in its first empirical stage a science seemed hardly to deserve the name of science, yet it was right to remember that each branch of human knowledge must have its roots in the practical wants of man. A science should be not only “a rich storehouse for the glory of God,” but also “for the relief of man's estate.” Though admitting that the science of language could hold out but few inducements to the utilitarian spirit of our generation, the Professor pointed out that some of the most interesting problems which had agitated the world at various periods belonged properly to the domain of the science of language. He drew attention to the influence which, in the ancient world, myths had exercised on the minds of men, and he characterized *myths* as diseased words. During the Middle Ages, he said, the controversy between Nominalism and Realism turned again on the true nature of words; and even in modern times there is much that might be called mythology in the language of the pulpit, the bar, and the hustings. In America, he asserted that comparative philologists had been led to prove the impossibility of a common origin of languages and races, in order to justify by scientific arguments the unhallowed theory of slavery. In Europe, the map of dynasties and treaties was gradually changed into a map of nations and languages. Lastly, he alluded to the problem of the position of man on the threshold between the worlds of matter and spirit, which of late had assumed again a marked pre-eminence among the problems of the physical and mental sciences—thus proving that the great questions of our being, of the true nobility of our blood, of our descent from heaven or earth, though unconnected with anything that is commonly called practical, had not lost their charm on the minds and on the hearts of man. He showed that, though of late the line of demarcation between man and brute had been reduced to a mere fold in the brain, there was one barrier which even those philosophers would have to respect with whom *penser c'est sentir*; and that this barrier was language.

After examining in the same manner the character of the *classificatory* and *theoretical* stages of the physical sciences, the Professor proceeded to examine the subject matter of the science of language. He remarked how the title of comparative philology, which had generally been given to the science in England, was apt to mislead people. If we divided the whole of human knowledge into two parts, the *physical* and *historical*—the former dealing with the works of God, the latter with the works of man—classical philology would fall under the first, comparative philology under the second division. The classical scholar uses language as a means; the comparative philologist makes language itself the sole object of his inquiry. He does not want to know languages, but language—what language is? how it arose? how it became

an organ or vehicle of thought? It is in order to answer these questions, and to discover the laws of the growth of human speech, that different scholars had collected, arranged, and classified the dialects of the world, and subjected each word to the microscope of comparative grammar. The lecturer, estimating the number of accessible languages at nine hundred, dwelt on the necessity of a division of labour in the science of language. He expressed his surprise that the large field of language should have excited so little curiosity among natural philosophers. Man had studied, he said, every part of nature—the mineral treasures in the bowels of the earth, the flowers of each season, the animals of every continent, the laws of storms, and the movements of the heavenly bodies; he had analysed every substance, dissected every organism; he knew every bone and muscle, every nerve and fibre of his own body, to the ultimate elements which compose his flesh and blood; he had meditated on the nature of his soul, on the laws of his mind, and tried to penetrate into the last causes of all being; and yet language, without the aid of which not even the first step in this glorious career could have been made, remained unnoticed. Like a veil that hung too close over the eyes of the human mind, it was hardly perceived. In conclusion, the Professor remarked that no new root or radical had ever been added to language since its first beginnings, any more than one single element had been added to the material world; and all growth of language consisted in changes of form. In one sense, therefore, and in a very true sense, we might be said to handle the very words which issued from the mouths of the first ancestors of our race; and we might read in words lessons of earlier date than we could expect to find in any literary works, or even in the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and the hieroglyphic records of Egypt. Language was a living and speaking witness of the whole history of man, and, if properly cross-examined, could be brought to disclose some of the most interesting secrets of the childhood of our race on earth.

In his second lecture, the Professor promised to examine the theory of those philosophers who see in language nothing but a contrivance devised by human skill for the more expeditious communication of our thoughts, and who would wish to see it treated, not as a production of nature or a divine gift, but as a work of human art.

#### THE MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

THE number of concerts, good, bad, and indifferent, which night after night provide musical pabulum for all classes of amateurs is so great, that, even if it were possible, it would be tedious both for our readers and ourselves to attempt anything like a continuous chronicle of them. A few words, however, about the doings of the more important Societies at the commencement of the season may not be unacceptable.

The Philharmonic Society commenced its concerts this year under circumstances of peculiar trial and difficulty. Never, probably, since its first establishment in 1813, has it suffered such a strain as that occasioned by the loss this season of considerably more than half of the members of the orchestra, including nearly all who could least easily be spared. Through constant association, and owing to the judicious leadership of Professor Bennett, the band had been worked up to such a pitch of excellence in the performance of the great classical works for the orchestra which are the especial characteristic of the Society's programmes, as almost to realize perfection. This brotherhood of consummate executants is now completely and most unexpectedly dispersed; and the Society, with but little notice, has been compelled, as best it could, to remodel its orchestra without the assistance to be derived from the ranks of Covent Garden Theatre. With the current rumours as to the cause of this change we have nothing to do. It is sufficient for us that we are able to assure the public that the Society has tided over the difficulty most triumphantly. It is a fact which speaks volumes for the amount of musical intelligence and appreciation now existing in the country, that a body of performers so efficient as those which compose the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society can be got together at comparatively short notice, and from sources hitherto unexplored. When the Society was first founded, forty-eight years ago, its orchestra absorbed all the most celebrated instrumentalists of the metropolis. Such is the supply in the present days of instrumental proficiency, that we are able to get a thoroughly satisfactory performance of the most difficult symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn by a body of performers containing but few names known to the general public.

Professor Bennett has, on the whole, been wonderfully fortunate in getting such efficient “wind”—a matter in which, more than any other, we should, under the circumstances, have anticipated that weakness would be detected. The performance, however, of the lovely introduction to Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, at the second concert, and the extreme neatness and correct intonation of the very difficult passages which run the round of the wind instruments in the scherzo, completely dispelled all fears of the kind, and proved the Philharmonic orchestra fully competent to meet any requirements that can be made of it in this department. From the execution of the opening movement in the *Guillaume Tell* overture, on the same occasion, we had special opportunity of judging of the excellence of the violoncello performers, who are, we believe, with one exception, new recruits,



and we can report them entirely satisfactory, as we have seldom heard the movement played with greater purity and smoothness.

It is almost impossible to overrate the beneficial influence which the Monday Popular Concerts have exercised in the way of educating the taste and improving the appreciation of the musical public. Twenty years ago, such an undertaking would, in all probability, have been ruinous as a speculation. How different the case is with the Monday Popular Concerts every one is aware. We have now arrived at something like the sixtieth of a series of musical evenings devoted exclusively to the performance of compositions of the most intellectual and cultivated character—to the works of those great masters whose very names were, in all probability, but lately unknown to numbers who can now boast a familiarity with all their most celebrated compositions for the chamber. For once, the word popular is associated with genuine excellence. The reproach which, in matters of science and art, is ordinarily, and not without reason, attached to the epithet is happily fast being removed as regards music; and in no instance is this more conspicuously proved to be the case than by the success of these delightful weekly concerts, which Mr. S. A. Chappell has now for two years directed with so much judgment. Every Monday evening a crowded audience is to be found at St. James's Hall listening to the most abstruse instrumental compositions of the "great masters" with an attention and an excited enthusiasm which is scarcely credible by any one who has not witnessed it. The undertaking is no longer to be regarded as an experiment. The Monday Popular Concerts are now as firmly established and as indispensable a feature in our list of musical attractions as the veteran Philharmonic Society's Concerts or the fashionable *matinées* of the Musical Union. Their success is as deserved as it is unequivocal. Nothing is spared which can contribute to the completeness of the performances. The artists are among the very best that Europe can produce, and a most judicious discretion has always been displayed in the selection and length of the programmes. The principal attraction of late at these concerts has been the playing of M. Vieuxtemps, who is clearly established as the great violinist of the season.

Further experience has only confirmed us in the opinion we expressed some time back, as to the merits, and we must add demerits, of this undoubtedly grand artist. With the highest admiration for his wonderful command of the instrument in all points of mechanical difficulty, for the purity of his tone, and for the grace and piquancy of his readings, we cannot but feel that there is often a certain want of breadth and dignity in his interpretations. He is, in fact, just a little too French in his musical predilections for our taste, and occasionally displays a tendency to an exaggeration of sentiment which would be well replaced by more hearty straightforward playing. Of all that we have heard him play, his performance of Bach's Chaconne for the violin solo has pleased us the least, it being a composition in which what we conceive to be M. Vieuxtemps' shortcomings are specially apparent. We must not, however, be understood to underrate his very great qualities as an artist, which indeed far more than outweigh any points for adverse criticism which can possibly be adduced. Next in point of interest to the violin playing of M. Vieuxtemps at the Monday Popular Concerts, come the performances of Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Hallé, one or other of whom has always contributed something to the programme, either in the way of solo or concerted chamber music for the piano-forte and stringed instruments. The concert on Monday week was given for the benefit of M. Hallé, and the crowded condition of the room testified to the estimation in which he is held by the musical public. This accomplished artist does indeed deserve well of all friends and well-wishers to the advancement of music, for he has done more than most men for the cause; and the extraordinary development of musical art in Manchester, which may be almost wholly ascribed to him is not the only manifestation of his influence and ability. The concert itself was uniformly good, although containing nothing novel in the way of revival. One of Haydn's freshest and most genial quartets, that in E major, Op. 59, is just the kind of composition in which we delight to hear M. Vieuxtemps, and was a thorough and unaffected enjoyment. M. Hallé himself played Beethoven's sonata in F for pianoforte and violin with M. Vieuxtemps, Mozart's G minor quartet and the sonata appassionata of Beethoven. Of all our public pianoforte players we like M. Hallé the best, and in Beethoven's sonatas his essentially classical style is shown to peculiar advantage. He is shortly to commence a series of "recitals," at which he is to play the thirty-two pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven in the order of their composition, some of which are of almost superhuman difficulty, and consequently comparatively unknown to connoisseurs. The idea is an excellent one, and no one is better qualified to carry it out successfully than M. Charles Hallé. In closing our few remarks on the Monday Popular Concerts we ought not to omit to mention the sensation which has been occasioned by Mendelssohn's octetto for stringed instruments, which has been performed twice in the most thoroughly satisfactory fashion. This composition is perhaps the most astonishing instance of musical precocity on record, having been written by Mendelssohn at the age of fifteen, and is at the same time, upon its mere intrinsic merits, one of the finest instrumental pieces for the chamber in the whole range of musical art. It was a judicious selection to make during the visit of M. Vieuxtemps, as there is a special interest connected with his performance of it

from the fact that it was he who led it on the occasion of its first performance in England at a concert given in the Beethoven Rooms, in honour of the composer, shortly before he left us never to return.

The seventeenth season of the Musical Union was last week inaugurated by a very interesting *matinée*. To the director of these concerts, Mr. Ella, is due the credit of first striking out the path in which the management of the Monday Popular Concerts has so successfully followed. It is he who first succeeded in making classical chamber music fashionable—a result which we sincerely believe has been followed by a genuine enjoyment and appreciation upon the part of most of his visitors. A quartet of Haydn, similar in character and composed about the same period as that given at the Monday Popular Concert the evening before, opened the *matinée*, the performers being Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Ries, R. Blagrove, and Piatti. This was followed by Spohr's quintet for the pianoforte and four wind instruments, now heard for the first time in England as it was originally written, although it is tolerably familiar to connoisseurs as arranged by the composer for the piano and string quartet. Well as it was performed by Herr Pauer and his four companions, Mr. Pratten (flute), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), M. Hauser (bassoon), and Mr. C. Harper (horn), we certainly prefer the string adaptation to which we have been accustomed, and Spohr himself is stated to have concurred in this opinion. This composition was commenced in London in 1820, and afterwards completed in Germany, being written specially for Madame Spohr's first appearance in public as a pianoforte player. Her original instrument was the harp, upon which she was a most accomplished performer; but upon the invention of the double-action by Mr. Erard, she found the physical exertion required for the new instrument so trying to her health, that, at the entreaty of her husband, she abandoned it and devoted herself to the pianoforte, her first public performance being this quintet in C minor, which she played at Frankfurt with the wind instruments as originally scored. The glorious quintet in C major of Beethoven, the greatest work of the kind ever composed, is given annually at Mr. Ella's *matinées*. M. Vieuxtemps here again did not altogether satisfy us, his reading being in some places a thought too spasmodic for our taste. He afterwards played a tarantella of his own composition most admirably.

Mr. Ella has lately founded and organized a species of musical club, which he calls the Musical Union Institute, with the view of promoting the progress of music. Two rooms have been taken in Hanover-square, where *soirées* and *matinées* will be given for the purpose of introducing new performers and new music to the musical world, both professional and amateur. For young artists who would otherwise, with the present abundant supply of first-rate executants whose reputation is already established, have no means of getting a hearing, it is thought that such an opportunity will be most valuable. Lectures on subjects closely connected with the practice and theory of musical art are to be given weekly; and the library already contains many books and manuscripts of considerable value. The undertaking is financially in a very flourishing condition, and really seems to give promise of being a substantial benefit to the interests of musical education.

The Musical Society of London gave a most excellent concert last week under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, at which the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's fourth symphony in B flat were performed. The band is without reproach, and constitutes the principal attraction of the concerts of this Society. One of the most interesting musical events of the season is the performance of Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The really savage difficulties of this extraordinary composition have always been looked upon as insurmountable, and so far as the performance at Exeter Hall last week is concerned, they may be considered to have preserved their reputation, as, in spite of considerable mutilation of the score with the view of facilitating various passages, the result was anything but satisfactory. We must wish for better success at the performance on Friday next.

## REVIEWS.

### AUSTIN'S JURISPRUDENCE.\*

A NEW edition of this work, which has been long out of print, and which all competent judges have pronounced to be one of the few works on jurisprudence of first-rate excellence produced by an English lawyer, has now been issued by Mr. Austin's widow. It has been enriched by a memoir of the life and literary labours of Mr. Austin, and it is seldom that any memoir has been written in language so beautiful and noble, with such perfect taste, with so delicate a reserve, and such warmth and tenderness of affectionate admiration. Neither Mr. Austin nor the lady whose pride it has been to bear his name, to have cheered and stimulated him during a life of disappointment, and to remember him as such a man deserves to be remembered, is on the level to which praise is appropriate. Panegyric is utterly out of place when we speak of a husband who

\* *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined.* Second Edition. By the late John Austin, Esq. London: Murray. 1861.

lived as pure, as high, and as simple a life as was ever led by a great thinker and writer, and of a wife who was alive to all the excellences of her companion, and who possesses a spirit that renders her equal to the difficult task of judging him, now that he is gone, with a perfect candour and impartiality. But such lives as that of Mr. Austin, and such memoirs as that now published by Mrs. Austin, though they are not to be praised, are to be held up for the admiration and instruction of the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech on the Budget, took occasion to remark that England presented no signs of decay. There is as much courage, patience, and industry as there ever was. The real difficulty, however, in comparing one age with another, is to estimate how large a growth there is in any two periods of those men who are the salt of society, who are great without attracting observation, and who set before themselves the highest of ambitions without attaining or courting notoriety. Among all the good things that can be said of England, there is nothing better than that this country has always been rich in such men, and the richer it is at any time, the higher it rises in the scale of national success. Very few of his contemporaries knew Mr. Austin even by name, and not many of those whom he has left behind him will care much about a man who has done nothing more striking or more popular than leave behind him a few fragments on jurisprudence. But fame is an utterly inadequate test of the value which such men are of to the State in which they live. Their influence goes far beyond the narrow limits within which its operations can be distinctly traced. It spreads imperceptibly, and makes the lives of thousands higher and better who never heard of their secret benefactors.

Mr. Austin entered the army at a very early age, and served in it for five years; and this connexion with a profession which he saw only from its heroic and chivalrous side left, as his biographer tells us, permanent traces on his character and sentiments. "The high and punctilious sense of honour, the chivalrous tenderness for the weak, the generous ardour, mixed with reverence, for authority and discipline, the frankness and loyalty which were, he thought, the distinguishing characteristics of a true soldier, were also his own, perhaps even more pre-eminently than the intellectual gifts for which he was so remarkable." Mr. Austin was called to the Bar in 1818, and his friends supposed that a brilliant career of professional success lay before him. But he was never sanguine himself. His health was delicate. He was subject to feverish attacks, which left him in a state of extreme debility and prostration; and altogether he was very unfit for the close air and continuous excitement of a court of law. Nor, as Mrs. Austin candidly remarks, were his mental gifts such as to fit him for professional practice. He was nervous and sensitive in the highest degree. "He was totally deficient in readiness, in audacity, in self-complacency, and in reliance on the superiority of which he was conscious, but which oppressed rather than animated him." He had also the disposition, than which nothing is more fatal to a man of business, to be dissatisfied with everything he did unless it was free from every fault and flaw; and he was so nervously anxious to be exact that, as he told his future wife in the days of their engagement, he could scarcely avoid drafting and settling his love-letters as if they were conveyances or bills in equity. It was not, therefore, much to be regretted when, after a vain struggle, in which his health and spirits suffered severely, he gave up practice in 1825.

It appeared as if the very office for which he was fitted, the precise duties that he could have fulfilled so satisfactorily as even to met his own rigorous standard of excellence, were about to be opened to him, almost at the very time when he relinquished the more splendid path to tread which he had confessed himself unsuited. In the year 1826 the University of London, now University College, was established. From the character and objects of this institution, it appeared to hold out a hope that not only classes of persons but branches of science excluded from the ancient Universities might find admittance and fostering in its pale. Among the sciences which it was proposed to teach was jurisprudence, and Mr. Austin was chosen to fill the chair. As soon as he was appointed, he resolved to go to Germany in order to study the works and profit by the oral communications of some of the great jurists of that country. In the autumn of 1827, he established himself at Bonn, which was then the residence of many eminent men; and he worked so hard that in the spring of 1828 he left Bonn, master of the German language, and of a number of the greatest works which it contains. At first everything went on well. His Lectures opened with a class which exceeded his expectations. It included many men who have since been distinguished in law, politics, and philosophy. He was impressed and excited by the spectacle of such a group of hearers, and he applied himself to his work with the utmost zeal and devotion. His peculiar tastes and talents fitted him for the business of a teacher, for "his power of methodizing and expounding was matchless, and he had a natural and powerful eloquence when he allowed himself to give way to it, which was calculated to rivet the attention and to fix itself on the memory." "No one," Mrs. Austin continues, "ever heard him talk without being powerfully struck with the vigour and originality of his discourse, the variety and extent of his knowledge, and the scholarlike accuracy and singular appositeness of his language." But it soon became clear that he was as far as

ever from having found the tranquil position which was all he coveted, and which would have enabled him to pursue without anxiety the study of the science to which his thoughts were chiefly directed. The Professorship was only supported by the fees of the students, and the number of students who cared to go into subjects that did not tell directly on their professional career was very small. The teacher was all that could be desired, but there was no one to be taught. He was consequently obliged to resign his chair, and he gave his last lecture in June, 1832. In that year he published the volume of which the present is a reprint, consisting of some of the lectures he had delivered and of a scheme of lectures on the chief portions of Roman law, which is full of the most suggestive hints and of the richest material for the students of jurisprudence. Once more he was induced to try his fortune as a lecturer. The Society of the Inner Temple determined to start, as an experiment, a scheme for providing lectures on the Principles and History of Jurisprudence, and Mr. Austin was engaged as lecturer. But the same causes which had made him fail before condemned him to a similar failure in this second instance. The young men entering on the legal profession were for the most part profoundly indifferent to any studies but those which had enabled their predecessors to attain to places of honour and profit. He was also beaten down with new attacks of his old feverish complaint, and at length he resolved to abandon a conflict in which he had met with nothing but defeat, and to seek an obscure but tranquil retreat on the Continent.

He had been settled at Boulogne about a year and a half, when a proposal was made to him by the Colonial Office to go to Malta as Royal Commissioner to inquire into the nature and extent of the grievances of which the natives of that island complained. He accepted the appointment, and, aided by his colleague, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, he "rendered to the island services which attracted little attention in England, but are remembered with lively and affectionate gratitude in Malta." Another disappointment, however, awaited him. He was preparing to enter upon his more peculiar province, that of legal and judicial reform, when the Commission was suddenly brought to a close, owing to a change of authorities at the Colonial Office. No reason was assigned, and no recognition of Mr. Austin's services was tendered. But the Maltese cherished his memory, and, even at this day, acknowledge gratefully the great benefits which they owe to his efforts in their behalf. After quitting Malta he lived for many years in Germany and France, until the Revolution of 1848 at last drove him away. He returned to England, and determined to seek in a cottage at Weybridge the tranquillity which was always his dearest aspiration. There the last twelve years of his life were passed; and how they wore away is described in the following beautiful and touching passage:—

Here he entered upon the last and happiest period of his life; the only portion during which he was free from carking cares and ever-recurring disappointments. The battle of life was not only over, but had hardly left a scar. He had neither vanity, nor ambition, nor any desires beyond what his small income sufficed to satisfy. He had no regrets or repinings at his own poverty and obscurity, contrasted with the successes of other men. He was insatiable in the pursuit of knowledge and truth for their own sake; and during the long daily walks which were almost the sole recreation he coveted or enjoyed, his mind was constantly kept in a state of serene elevation and harmony by the aspects of nature—which he contemplated with ever-increasing delight, and described in his own felicitous and picturesque language—and by meditation on the sublimest themes that can occupy the mind of man. He wanted no excitement and no audience. Though he welcomed the occasional visits of his friends with affectionate cordiality and delighted them by the vigour and charm of his conversation, he never expressed the smallest desire for society. He was content to pour out the treasures of his knowledge, wisdom, and genius to the companion whose life was (to use the expression of one who knew him well) "enfolded in his."

Thus passed twelve years of retirement, rarely interrupted, and never uninteresting or wearisome. His health was greatly improved. The place he had chosen, and his mode of life suited him. The simplicity of his tastes and habits would have rendered a more showy and luxurious way of living disagreeable and oppressive to him. Yet none of the small pleasures or humble comforts provided for him ever escaped his grateful notice. He loved to be surrounded by homely and familiar objects, and nothing pleased him so much in his garden as the flowers he had gathered in his childhood. Things new or rare were unattractive, if not distasteful, to his constant and liberal nature. He had a disinterested hatred of expense, and of pretension, and, though very generous, and quite indifferent to gain, he was habitually frugal, and respected frugality in others, as the guardian of many virtues.

Mrs. Austin expresses the deep regret which his friends, and she more than all, felt at the time, and feel even more strongly now, that these years of peace, as well as those of his residence on the Continent, were suffered to pass away without his doing anything for the science he loved. He always purposed writing a book on the Principles of Jurisprudence and Ethics, of which the fragments that he has left behind him were rude sketches, so far as they embrace it at all. But he never could bring himself to take up the task. This inactivity was partly owing to the constitution of his mind. "It was impossible for him," says Mrs. Austin, "to resume at any given moment trains of thought from which his mind had been forcibly diverted. It belonged to the nature of his mind to grapple with a question with difficulty, almost with reluctance." But this indisposition to exert himself was also in a great measure caused by his sense of personal disappointment. He could not, and would not, task his brains to serve a generation that thought so little of what he had done or might do. He had a low opinion of mankind generally, and a special contempt for that indifference to abstract truth which is not only a characteristic of Englishmen, but a subject of their most complacent self-gratulation. At no



moment could he bring himself to go through a great amount of physical fatigue and mental exhaustion, to run the risk of serious illness, and to lose the delights of tranquillity, in order to benefit those who cared for nothing but the worldly success on which he set so little store. Mrs. Austin regrets this, and she may justly regret it, not only on account of the positive loss of a great book which this inactivity occasioned, but also because it argued a deficiency in the mind of the man who succumbed to its influence. A man very sensitive, very nervous, and very proud, who suffers himself to be turned aside from a science in which he knows himself capable of real eminence, and who does this because he is oppressed by a sense of personal failure and a remembrance of personal wrongs, ought not to be blamed, for such a nature is not, perhaps, capable of forcing itself into a distasteful exertion, but ought to be held inferior to one who loves truth for its own sake, and has at once the capacity and the will to make a great effort. Mr. Austin has done much for English jurisprudence—much more than at one time he would have believed. He greatly helped the growth of that spirit which has now secured for the study of jurisprudence a recognised place in the field of legal education in England, and has given to others the recognition and the support for which he pined himself. His fragments, together with Bentham's treatises on legislation, and Mr. Maine's recent work on *Ancient Law*, constitute the slender but most valuable contribution which England has made to the science of jurisprudence. But if he had but written a large and sustained work, embodying the results of his profound and original thought, and of his vast and varied knowledge, he might have done infinitely more than he has done. Enough, however, remains to show to many generations of jurists of what he was capable. The volume now published contains only a reprint of that published in 1832; but Mrs. Austin announces that another volume will follow, containing the rest of the lectures delivered at the London University, and those delivered at the Inner Temple, so far as these latter are not a repetition of portions of the previous course. This second volume will be anxiously expected by all who care for jurisprudence, and we shall reserve until its appearance an examination into the character of Mr. Austin's writings, and into the place which he holds as a jurist.

#### AN M.P. IN SEARCH OF A CREED.\*

THE best way to make a book popular is to put it under a ban, as we see just now in a conspicuous example in theological literature. The publishers of the novel now before us hope to push its circulation by advertising that Mr. Mudie has placed it in his "Index Expurgatorius," by declining to admit it into his library. Who will not be anxious to read what the advertisements call "the new political novel," especially when it is implied by the great authority of New Oxford-street that for some reason or other it is not good for us to read it? Is it naughty? people will ask; or is it only revolutionary? or is it a piquant mixture of both? Now, without revealing the secret whether it was the prohibition of this volume that led us to peruse it, we are bound to advise our readers not to waste their time in making the experiment for themselves. We tell them plainly that there is no naughtiness in this novel, either in morals or in politics. The whole title is a misnomer; and Mr. Mudie's exclusion of it from his library must have been dictated by no purism in ethics, theology, or political creed, but simply by the sensible wish to save his readers from bore and his shelves from lumber.

It is a most curious question how it can possibly be worth while for any one to write a book of this sort, or for any publisher to print it. The only explanation that occurs to us is that the keepers of circulating libraries at watering-places buy promiscuously everything that calls itself a novel, and that their subscribers read patiently whatever is sent to them. Perhaps every reader in turn is disappointed, if not disgusted; but meanwhile the book has had a certain sale and circulation. The deluded readers have no channel for expressing their dissatisfaction; perhaps, indeed, they have become so used to literary rubbish by a long course of novel-reading that they are nearly indifferent to the quality of what they devour; and if they meet with anything exceptionally bad, they make the best of it, and hope for better luck next time. In this way only can we account for the appearance of a third novel by a writer who, as we find on the title-page, has already inflicted upon the public two specimens of his—or shall we not rather say her?—style.

For, if we may judge at all from internal evidence, the author of *An M.P. in Search of a Creed* must be the female inmate of a country vicarage. The novel faintly represents those views of life which may be supposed to obtain in such blest rural retreats. A country clergyman's wife or daughter, perhaps no longer very young, may be imagined to regard the great world without from some such point of view as this volume portrays. That, indeed, to our mind, is the sole interest of the tale. It is rather curious to try to make out what incidents and what opinions such a person would regard as probable or defensible. Books on ancient art tell us of pictures of men and ruffians by female recluses in convents who had never set eyes on one of the opposite sex

except their confessor; and funny descriptions are given of the ideal beards (for instance) by which these innocent painters have transformed their uglier sisters, who sat as models, into what they supposed men were like. Something of the same sort may be observed in the characters of this novel. They are squires and farmers, members of parliament and Saturday Reviewers; for the real hero of the piece—the intellectual man, the barrister who provides his friend the M.P. with a creed—belongs to our own staff. But all these personages figure here as they are developed out of the internal consciousness of the gentle authoress. Alas! that we should be obliged to assure our fair censor that even contributors to what she calls the *Saturday Growler* do not always answer to the beautiful ideal which she has pictured. Robert Donson, indeed, as sketched here, has clearly no fault at all in the artist's eyes, except a certain asperity of temper, which the hero himself explains and justifies as caused by the necessity of severely criticising some statesman, or measure, or author, on every successive Saturday as the week comes round. "Why, Robert, you are quite fierce," said Arthur. "I am," said Robert. "Do you expect a man to write for the *Saturday Growler* and keep his temper? Don't be so extravagant in your notions." But, with this abatement, this ideal contributor to the *Saturday Growler* is almost perfection. He is a muscular Christian, for he pedestrianizes and fishes, and takes a "tremendous header," like Mr. Dion Boucicault in the *Colleen Bawn*, after a drowning milkmaid. He knocks down a bullying farmer with a single blow; and, with still greater courage, braves the terrors of the law and ignores a summons for an assault without even taking the trouble to explain to his own witnesses the reason of his absence. In addition to all this he bears a grievous private sorrow heroically. His widowed mother, who has become insane, is supported by him in an expensive private asylum, by the fruits of his literary labours in connexion with the *Growler*. Meanwhile his rich college friend, Arthur St. Clair, a thoughtless but good-natured fellow, has become member for his county. With the elder sister of this young squire Robert Donson has long ago fallen into love. The young lady, who is meant to be drawn as a beautiful and vivacious *esprit fort*, reciprocates the feeling, though of course a number of trifling impediments are most gratuitously thrown in the way of this very natural attachment. Matters come to a crisis when the young member, at the close of a session, takes his friend, who by this time has become a full-fledged barrister, and who is fairly knocked up by writing for the *Growler*, down to the family house in the country for change of air. Here begins the formal political education of the foolish M.P., whose mind is conveniently represented as a sheet of blank paper, whereupon Robert and Rachel (for that is the picturesque name of the fiancée) may inscribe their respective theories. The lady—to give her the precedence—sums up her political creed very succinctly in a most righteous horror of statute fairs or "mops" for hiring farm-servants. The gentleman—whose political principles are supposed to be identical with our own—divides all the controversies of the day into "sincere" and "insincere" questions. Between the two monitors the patient Arthur St. Clair becomes what we may perhaps best define as an "earnest" politician, with a profound hatred of shams and a vehement wish to reform abuses, tempered by a rather strong Conservative bias, and an active benevolence which would assuredly send him into the lobby on every possible occasion with Lord Raynham and Sir C. Burrell.

The hopeful training of the young legislator is interrupted by an unforeseen blow. The parents of Rachel, on being informed of her engagement, forbid the marriage, on the ground of the presumed hereditary insanity on Robert's side. The lovers are separated, and the gentleman, labouring harder than ever in his profession, achieves great success at the Bar. Now comes the *Deus ex machina*. Robert Donson, being mysteriously advertised for in the *Times*, goes to the address pointed out, and there finds his real father. It turns out that the insane woman whom he had supposed to be his mother is only his aunt. His newly found father is moreover a nabob, just returned with a large fortune from India. Of course the young heir, no longer in danger of poverty or of lunacy, starts at once, accompanied by his friend and disciple, to claim his bride. In the express train the docile M.P. prosecutes his political studies. He avows to his Mentor that all highflown theories are "a terrible bore." "It's much easier to go in quietly for a party, and surrender yourself to the whipper-in." For this indolent turpitude he is properly rated; and his reprover, considering how great are the temptations which his friend has to meet, concludes that "something evidently was needed to arouse him and awaken him." This "something" is now imminent. The friends only reach the end of their journey in time to witness the last hours of Rachel, who dies of fever caused by a broken heart. Here is a fine educational opportunity for the M.P. By his sister's deathbed, Arthur "learned his first real lesson of life. He saw that it was earnest, full of purpose, full of meaning; no time for soft indolence, indecision, carelessness." The author is so intent upon reforming the brother that she makes very light of the unhappy lover's sorrow. In fact, Robert Donson himself is such a prig that he seems scarcely to care for the loss of his mistress, provided that her untimely but opportune death has its due effect on the mind of his political pupil. He is consoled by the perfect docility of his tamed M.P.; and the book ends with

\* *An M.P. in Search of a Creed*. By the Author of "Squires and Parsons," "The Senior Fellow," &c. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1861.

Arthur's grateful avowal, "I shall go to the House to-night, and I think now I have learnt my creed."

Was there ever a tamer plot or a lamer conclusion? There is, of course, an under-plot, which, in contrast with the even tenour of the lives of the chief characters, is of the most improbable and melodramatic kind. The dairy-maid, saved from drowning by Robert, is courted by her master's son, and afterwards forcibly abducted by the same villain. She defeats a party of burglars single-handed, and is the innocent means of convicting her own former lover, unjustly, of being one of the gang. She had observed in the fight that one of the robbers had lost three fingers from one hand, and by this she identifies, on oath, her own betrothed, who, having enlisted, and accidentally met with the same mutilation, was apprehended and tried for the burglary. Afterwards, in the den of infamy to which she was taken in her abduction, she detects the real culprit, and, by the legal aid of her former deliverer from drowning, she rescues her first admirer from Milbank before his term of penal servitude is expired, and is married happily. It is strange that fiction of this sort can interest any human being. There is really hardly a touch of real life or nature from the first page to the last. It is easy, indeed, to see that the writer's sympathies are deeply engaged in some of the questions that are started. The country-parsonage view of the demoralizing effect of statute fairs, and of the unreasonableness of a dissenting farmer's objection to church-rates in vestry, may be taken as a sketch from the author's personal experience. But by far the greater part of the book is unreal and unnatural in the highest degree. However, there is no other harm in it. We gladly do it the justice to say that the morality is unimpeachable; and—which is somewhat rare in modern novels—that the conversation is fluent, the style unaffected, and the English grammatical.

#### PLATONIC DIALOGUES FOR ENGLISH READERS.\*

DR. WHEWELL has given to the public a second volume of the *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*. They are very unlike the Platonic Dialogues for Greek readers. The English reader who derives his notion of Plato from Dr. Whewell must be amazed to think on what small foundations a great reputation has rested. He has probably heard that Plato was a very great philosopher—the greatest (with at most one rival) of all the ancient philosophers—a man whom Greece might have been proud to put forward as her intellectual representative—whose speculations had for ages supplied the world with its spiritual aliment—at the fire of whose genius the purest spirits of antiquity had kindled their enthusiasm. As represented by Dr. Whewell to English readers, his wisdom is about as profound as the *First Lessons* of Mrs. Barbauld, his philosophy a little lower than the *Elements of Morality* including *Polity*. And not only is the philosopher reduced to infinitesimal dimensions, but the noble-minded man becomes a poor creature, capable of false accusation, and abstaining from no means of detracting from the estimation of his rivals. The talent of dwarfing and divesting of its charms every object that a writer handles is not so rare a faculty that we ought to be surprised at its exhibition; but Dr. Whewell has succeeded so wonderfully in reducing his giant to a pigmy, in transfiguring his Achilles into a Thersites, that we felt curious to examine what were the special gifts and artifices by which he accomplished his exploit. They are numerous. The mutilation of the Dialogues goes a great way. No people ever had a stronger feeling for symmetry than the Greeks. It is the soul of their literature as of their architecture. By presenting the reader with shapeless fragments of his Dialogues, Dr. Whewell at once effaces in his Plato all lineaments of Plato the artist. But if he could not give us Plato the artist, he might have shown us Plato the philosopher. Unfortunately, to do this, Dr. Whewell ought to have been himself a deep philosopher; and whatever his accomplishments, philosophy is not the greatest of them. In proof of this we need only refer to his writings, which have failed precisely in proportion as they have aspired to be philosophic. One instance will suffice. Having succeeded in his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, he by no means achieved the same success in his *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*. The consequence is, that whatever philosophy there is in Plato, whatever profound or bold speculation, whatever that strikes on any deep chord in the human breast, has entirely vanished from Dr. Whewell's representation.

If we had space, we could show that he generally contrives to miss the true drift of a Dialogue. But his weakness lies in comprehending abstract reasoning. We will illustrate this by quoting one of his criticisms, in which he commits a mistake which could hardly have been committed by any one who had sufficient logic to follow the course of the argument. He says, in his translation of the *Protagoras*—"The argument requires that the disputants should consider whether Pleasure or Knowledge, that is, whether the Desires or Reason, be the supreme guide of human life. Protagoras stands up for Reason, but Socrates, on the present occasion, for the vulgar opinion that the Appetites and Desires govern men." The question so accurately and intelligibly stated by Dr. Whewell

really is, whether human action is always, in fact, determined by Reason, or whether Reason may be overpowered by Appetite. Socrates paradoxically maintains the former proposition—that is, just the opposite to what Dr. Whewell asserts—and induces Protagoras to agree with him. Indeed, the whole of the rest of the Dialogue is taken up in maintaining—what better scholars than Dr. Whewell well know was a favourite paradox of Socrates—that there is no such thing as Incontinence, *ἀκρασία*, or the triumph of Passion over Reason, and that even the man of infirm purpose always acts in accordance with his Reason. When Dr. Whewell elegantly states that Protagoras stands up for Reason and Socrates for the vulgar opinion, he shows that he totally misunderstands the argument of the *Protagoras*.

As symptoms of the scholarship that Dr. Whewell brings to his work, the following curiosities of translation must suffice. We begin with an extract from his translation of the *Euthydemus*. "I go on learning the harp from Connos; and the young fellows who go to the same school laugh at me, and call him Do-the-old-boys. I am afraid that these two strangers may get snubbed in the same way, or perhaps they will be so much afraid of this that they will refuse to take me as a scholar." *Ὁμοειδία* is the Greek word which Dr. Whewell so elegantly renders "to snub." Though a dull scholar may bring discredit or reproach on his teachers, we do not see why, in Dr. Whewell's elegant language, he should get them a snubbing. But we are at a loss to decide which deserves the most commendation—the good sense that fails to see that such a word is inappropriate to the context, or the good taste that introduces such a word into a translation of Plato at all. The words that follow are:—"ἐγὼ δ' ἐκείσε μὲν ἄλλους πέντεκα συμμαθητὰς μοι φοιτᾶν προσβύτας, ἐνταῦθα δὲ γὰρ ἑτέρους πεντάσους πείθω"—i.e., "But to that school [of Connos] I have already persuaded some other elderly people to go as my fellow-pupils, and to this [of Euthydemus] I shall try to persuade others to go." Dr. Whewell translates this:—"But to avoid this, I can tell you that I have already, upon the spot, persuaded some elderly people to be my fellow-pupils, and I shall try here to persuade more." Adverbs of place are clearly not Dr. Whewell's strong point. *ἀριθμητική*, "Arithmetic"—one of the sciences taught by the mathematician, Hippias—he translates, showing a great knowledge of Plato's vocabulary, "Logic," a science which had not been reduced to system in the time of Hippias. "ἄλλ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐνάντησα οὐτὶ τὸ μνημονικὸν τέχνης," *Hippias Major*: "I forgot that you had the *Memoria Technica*," is translated, "I was not thinking that you were talking of power of memory only." Anything like an antithesis is fatal to Dr. Whewell. "Σὺ οὖν αὐτοῦ δέηθῃ, ὅπερ τάχα πάντως ποιήσει, νῦν ἤδη ποιεῖν" *Phædrus*: "So pray ask this person to do at once what he will be sure to do at last," is translated, "So pray ask this person to oblige us, which he will be sure to do." *ἀτρός* is a word that is a great plague to a bad scholar. It is a stumbling-block to Dr. Whewell. In the *Hippias Minor*, one of the speakers says—"Well, but, Socrates, why are you silent after Hippias has made this exhibition of his talent? why do you not join in the general praise, or show him to be wrong if he appears to you to be wrong in any part?" and then adds, "ἄλλως τε καὶ ἐπειδὴ αὐτοῖς δαδόμεθα δι' ἡμῶν ἂν ἀντιπροσάμεθα μετέπειτα ἡμῖν τῆς ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ διατριβῆς"—i.e., "especially as only those of the company are left who have some pretensions to be students of philosophy." That is to say, the mob had departed, and certain select spirits remained—the wheat winnowed of the chaff. Dr. Whewell misses this, and translates, "especially as all the rest of us also have some pretensions to be students of philosophy."

These specimens are sufficient to give an idea of Dr. Whewell's scholarship. But we hasten to explain another of his qualifications to be a translator of Plato's Dialogues. In these writings Comedy is almost as predominant an element as Philosophy. They are full of humour, and humour, perhaps, less local and more cosmopolitan than is to be found in the pages of the great Attic Comedian. Dr. Whewell is absolutely devoid of humour. He has none of it himself and cannot appreciate it in others. Now, there are some people on whom humour has a positively ungenial effect. It acts upon them as an acid on milk. Their tempers, a little over-grave, a little subacid, never quite what we should describe as sweet, seem only to require the action of humour to be turned decidedly sour. They always talk of a joke as a sneer. A jest is something offensive, a thing to cause gnashing of teeth—rude, illiberal, iniquitous, abominable. Plato has clearly brought upon himself the treatment he has received at Dr. Whewell's hands in no small measure because he was a joker of jokes. Here is an instance of the way in which they turn his blood. In the *Hippias Major* Socrates is represented as giving vent to a humorous burst of indignation at Hippias for his dulness of apprehension. By the whimsical fiction of a third person who is supposed to say to Socrates what Socrates really says to Hippias, he contrives to tell him to his face that he deserves a beating, that it is no more use talking to him than talking to a stone—to a nether millstone, which has no ears and no brain. For fear this enormity of Plato should escape the notice of the reader, Dr. Whewell inserts this comment:—"It is to be noted that, by this figment of a third person, Plato does contrive really to charge Hippias with intense stupidity in very rude language." A commentator's temper is surely somewhat acidulous whom this passage strikes, not as humorous, but as rude. The neatly finished sophisms that are

\* *The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*. By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. II. *Antisophist Dialogues*. London: Macmillan.



occasionally put into the mouth of Socrates are a sore trial to our commentator. It is quite laughable to see him, after puzzling over them a long time, suddenly throw up his head, and, with an air of mingled bewilderment and anger, declare that he believes them to be a pack of fallacies—thus reminding one of the superannuated bishop who, after reading *Gulliver's Travels*, expressed a suspicion that there were some things in the book which were not quite true. There are certainly snares in Plato into which a very dull man might fall. A countryman who had heard from the pulpit an eloquent statement of the arguments of the atheist followed by an equally eloquent refutation of them, which, however, failed to make an equal impression on his mind, is said to have afterwards inquired of the preacher with some bewilderment whether he really believed that there was no God. The reader of Plato is worse off than the countryman. The sophistry is not always followed by the refutation, and, excepting a certain air of persiflage, there is nothing to indicate that the argument is not offered as valid; so that a very dull reader (but he must be very dull indeed) may suppose, with Dr. Whewell, that Plato is in earnest.

Worse than want of humour, a very unpleasant characteristic of Dr. Whewell's comments on Plato—one that we are pained to observe in a man of his scientific reputation—is his perpetual imputation of baseness and dishonesty to an illustrious writer, whose character, from all the evidence transmitted to us, was singularly noble and pure. What, for instance, are we to make of this? "Plato knew too well Gorgias's talents and skill, and also his reputation, to think it prudent to represent him as a contemptible adversary or an easy conquest." The insinuation is, that Plato had no regard for truth, and was quite dishonest enough to misrepresent if he had not been deterred by prudential considerations. Again—"The term Sophist at first meant a person who made the acquisition and communication of wisdom his profession, but at this time had begun to convey [why? we ask] an opprobrious meaning, which Plato did not scruple to turn to his controversial purposes." That is to say, Plato was base enough to apply odious and slanderous terms to persons engaged in an honourable and beneficent career. Scruples were unknown to him, though he was sometimes saved from offending by prudence. We must remark that the man who recklessly imputes puny and ignoble motives seldom raises himself in people's estimation. We will give Dr. Whewell an example how apt such imputations are to recoil on the head of their author. He shows his exact knowledge of ancient philosophy by assuming throughout that a Sophist belonged to some school—that is, had some peculiar method of speculation and system of doctrines. Even in the empty flourishes of the rhetorician Polus, he invites the reader to join with him in noting "the indications of a philosophy opposed to that of Plato." He also holds that to belong to a different philosophic school is quite a sufficient motive to incite any one to defamation and unjust accusations. In his own words, "It was natural and intelligible that Plato, when establishing himself at Athens, after his travels, and inviting the attention of the Athenians to his speculations, should thus attempt to disparage those who belonged to the opposite school." Disparagement is a compendious term with Dr. Whewell for misrepresentation and unjust aspersion. Now in this maxim and that misconception of Dr. Whewell, we think we have a key to his efforts to reduce the ancient intellectual giant to the stature of a pigmy, and to represent his moral character as on a par with his intellect. It may seem at first a strained supposition to suppose that Dr. Whewell actually believes that he himself belongs to any particular school of philosophy, and that Plato is one of his rivals; but we request the reader to remember the hallucinations that men may be betrayed into, and to make the supposition, if but for a moment, and he will find that on Dr. Whewell's principles it solves the problem. Has not Dr. Whewell laid down the great law that if you belong to a school, it is quite justifiable—or, confining ourselves to his exact words, quite natural—that you should attempt to injure the fair fame of your rivals? As Dr. Whewell does not limit the application of this law to the conduct of the baser rout, but extends it to Plato's treatment of the Sophists, he will hardly deny that it may *à fortiori* be applied to Whewell's treatment of Plato.

#### BALLYBLUNDER.\*

SOME ten or fifteen years ago, when crochet came into fashion, no one would have been rash enough to predict that it was to exercise a material influence on literature. And yet it was written in the book of fate that such was to be the effect of this trifling though elegant accomplishment. Before the crochet period there was a vast field for industry open to female fingers and minds—Berlin wool. In many houses relics of that age, as the old ballad puts it—

Still for a monument does lye,  
And there exposed to lookers' views  
As wondrous strange they may espy—

and now and then you find yourself sitting on a cushion of roses so glowing red that they almost scorch your pantaloons, while for a support to your back you have the ruins of Pæstum or the Temple of Baalbec. But the manufacture is no longer carried on, except in remote districts; the discovery of crochet banished

the art, and in so doing seriously affected the industrial resources of the fancy-working classes.

Berlin wool, considered as an occupation, had this special virtue, that it suited every possible variety of temperament, and was adaptable to minds of all calibres. For matter of fact Marthas, whose leanings were of the practical and utilitarian order, there were slippers, and kettleholders, and other articles belonging to the prosaic department of fancy-work; while for "burning Sappho" there were shepherds, and bandits, and tastefully-tattered beggars, upon which she might expend her superfluous idealism. Crochet, on the other hand, is not a soul-satisfying pursuit. It appeals rather to the mechanical than to the imaginative faculties of the mind. There is, perhaps, a certain rhythmical charm about the language in which its principles are conveyed, and on some ears the cadences of "loop six, drop one, chain three," &c., may fall quite as soothingly as a good deal of the verse that is turned out every day by our minor minstrels. But there is also a "damnable iteration" about it, and it is obviously an employment wholly inadequate to meet the requirements of a Being afflicted with what, in the language of the intense school, is called a Yearning after the Infinite, or even with the milder form of the disease known in psychical pathology as a Craving for the Ideal. It may be all very well for the mentally weaker sisters, who find that to weave the warp and weave the woof in strict accordance with the directions and patterns given in the *Ladies' Newspaper* is a sufficient demand upon their intellectuality; but with these higher natures such an occupation could only end in spiritual atrophy. Thus thrown out of employment, what could be more natural than that they should take to novel-writing? The craft was one which presented many analogies to the lost art of working in Berlin wool, and with a little dexterity might be conducted upon precisely the same principles. It was only necessary to go to the nearest library, instead of to an embroidery shop on Ludgate-hill, for a pattern and materials, to employ a good stout serviceable commonplace instead of coarse canvas for a basis, and then, having set up the frame and got everything ready, to fill in boldly with words instead of with worsted. There was also this pleasant fiction common to both processes—that the work, although apparently taken up as a mere agreeable pastime, was in reality useful. The bandit or beggar was to form the seat of a chair; the novel was written "with a purpose." It is true that the chair when finished was not very generally sat upon, while the novel very frequently was—at least in the metaphorical or slang sense of the expression—but these untoward results have nothing to do with the original intention of the artist.

Arguments are scarcely necessary in such a case, but if any proof of all this be required, we simply refer to the facts that the discovery of crochet synchronises in a most remarkable manner with the gushing forth of that torrent of female novels which still pours steadily upon us, and that a large proportion of these productions will be found on examination to furnish ample internal evidence of the Berlin-wool mind. There are some who will wax indignant at this, and fling such works as *Jane Eyre* and *Adam Bede* in our teeth, but they need not hope to entrap us into platitudes about genius being of no sex. We are not going to be as weak as Hamlet and speak to them "by the card," because they happen to be as "absolute knaves" as the First Gravedigger. All we mean to say is that we believe there are a great many novels which would never have been written had working in Berlin-wool continued to be a fashionable employment, and which are, in effect, the cries of crocheted-out embroidresses, complaining that they have no fancy-work to do.

Such a one is *Ballyblunder*. It is a book so perfectly uncalled for that it could only have been produced under extreme pressure of want of occupation; and it has all that affectation of purpose that belongs to works undertaken merely for the sake of having something to do. It seems to be a first performance in the literary way, but evidently it is by no means the first work of the author; and we think that some of the former productions of the same hand might have been mentioned with advantage on the title-page. In simple justice to the book, it ought to have been set forth that it was "by the author of 'Italian Bandits, after Salvator Rosa,' 'The Woodman and his Dog—a Study from Cowper,' 'Moss-roses—a Sofa-cushion,' and other worsted works;" for such an announcement would have been just as useful to the intending reader as the "By the Author of *Ballyblunder*," which, no doubt, will appear before long in connexion with some other story from the same pen. The construction here is exactly the same as that of the pieces of work just mentioned. The story is put together with that severe attention to general effect which may be observed to be one of the great principles of amateur upholstery. The way in which the colours are arranged and mixed is remarkably neat. If the exigencies of the case demand a bit of sentiment, it is always balanced by a few comic stitches worked in on the earliest opportunity, so as to give a pleasantly variegated aspect to the whole, and prevent the mind from becoming fatigued by a monotony of tint. The characters are selected and inserted on the same plan, and their moral qualities indicated by just the same simpers and scowls that we notice in the figures of domestic tapestry. This kind of workmanship, however, is unhappily common enough in modern novels. The practice of representing nature "with a broad generality," which

\* *Ballyblunder*. An Irish Story. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn.

Tom Tulliver found so unsatisfactory, has been transferred, since his time, from landscape to literature. In this respect *Ballyblunder* is not much worse than a host of its neighbours. But, unfortunately, its badness is not altogether of the negative sort. Like those jelly-fishes which seem to have no properties except flabbiness and transparency, until you handle them, when you find they are capable of blistering, this book turns out to be, in its own washy way, a bitter and a mischievously intentioned little story. The moral lesson it means to teach, reduced to its simplest terms, amounts to this—that Ireland is a country for which there is no hope, that the Irish peasantry are irreclaimable savages, and that every high-principled Irish landlord had better make up his mind at once to leave the island to the abomination of desolation.

This cheerful doctrine is instilled in the following manner. The author having got hold of some documents relating to the Gweedore disturbances some three or four years back, proceeds to construct a tale out of these suggestive materials. Mr. Kindly, a model landlord, as his name implies, has been for twenty years trying to improve the moral and social condition of the boys of Ballyblunder, a "wild and savage" district on the north-east coast of Ireland. But "more rugged than the rocks—more lofty than the cliffs—is the heart of man in its violence and pride. More dreary and more desolate are the uncultivated wastes of his mind than the swamps and bogs of a wilderness; and fiercer far than the howling winds or the raging waves in their utmost fury, are the blasts of passion which sweep over his soul;" and the boys of Ballyblunder, being men within the meaning of this preamble, refuse to be improved. Like Christie Græme, they are "but bad." Though Mr. Kindly sets up schools, they will not learn; though he buys them books, they will not read; and finally, with the encouragement of the priests and the connivance of the police, they take to killing sheep on his mountains. This is a little too much, and civilization, in the person of Mr. Kindly, gives up the battle against those "twin monsters, Prejudice and Ignorance," "hideous, deformed monsters, nourished by superstition and hounded on by fanaticism." In fact, civilization has had enough of it, and the sponge, as the Froissart of the Fancy would say, is thrown up in an apostrophe written in the author's tallest style—"In vain, in vain, O Civilization, that piteous cry! the deadly incubus lies heavy on thy breast; the light, which for one moment flickered before thine eyes, is quenched; the death-rattle is in thy throat; thou bowest thy head, and sinkest down—down—down into the valley and shadow of death"—which, being interpreted, means that Mr. Kindly sells his Ballyblunder property by auction and goes to reside elsewhere.

This may seem a rather meagre plot to go upon, but it is wonderful what you can do when you once make up your mind to write a novel. Not only have we murder and assault and battery—which, of course, might have been expected—but also love-making, politics, theology, and, in short, all the luxuries of modern fiction. The love-making is carried on in an ingenious double-barrelled fashion by two pairs of twins—a contrivance we do not remember to have met with before, but deserving the attention of future novelists as being a cheap method of delineating the course of two distinct tender passions without going to the expense of two separate sets of descriptions, sentiments, and incidents. This plan is commendable, not only on economical grounds, but also as giving an author an opportunity of displaying considerable knowledge of the laws of physiology. Thus, in the present instance, that peculiar parallelism of nature which is so characteristic of twinhood is touched upon in a very neat and delicate manner. The gentlemen twins of the story, Messrs. Findon and Fanshawe Fortescue, fall in love with the lady-twins, the Misses Kindly, at the same moment, and their behaviour is strictly the same under the influence of that passion. Indeed, so completely do their emotions harmonize, that the author finds it convenient, if not necessary, to treat them algebraically by reducing them to a common denominator and putting them in brackets. Whenever they have anything to say or do, they always appear in Siamese fashion as "the Brothers," linked together by inverted commas, which, by the way, as well as dashes, notes of admiration, gushes of stars, and other signs of poetic sensitiveness, occur plentifully throughout the volume. A still more striking proof, perhaps, of our author's skill and curious observation is the manner in which the feebleness arising from a want of concentration in the efforts of nature is indicated. The brothers Fortescue are invested with an imbecility of thought, word, and deed suggestive of a congenital deficiency of vigour, and also qualifying them for the epithet of "gentlemanlike," which, of course, according to female notions, is only applicable to utterly negative characters. It is a pity perhaps that both gentlemen are not allowed to marry their twins comfortably at the end, but the science of novel-writing is not at present sufficiently advanced to permit the author to take so great a liberty with the unities. Mr. Fanshawe, therefore, is shot off by a sheep-stealer, upon which his twin bursts a blood-vessel and dies, thus reducing the story to the single-hero-and-heroine state which is consistent with the true principles of art. Creating a couple of characters only to get rid of them in this way may seem like a wanton harrowing of our best feelings; but so artistically lifeless are the figures, and so obviously constructed with a view to some such purpose, that the catastrophe is really not much more distressing than seeing the stuffed

policeman of the pantomime rolled out flat in the inevitable clown's mangle.

There is no necessity for us to render an account of the minor characters and incidents of the book, to criticise its style, or to enter into any argument *pro* or *con* on the moral purpose which pervades it, or the animus with which it is written. What we have said will probably enable the reader to make up his mind on, at least, these three questions—first, whether it is worth his while to read it—secondly, whether it was worth the author's while to write it—and thirdly, whether it would not be worth somebody's while to invent, and make fashionable, some light and interesting fancy-work which would keep out of the ink-bottle a great many fair fingers meant for more elegant playthings.

We had almost forgotten to mention that there is a joke in *Ballyblunder*. It is not a very brilliant one, but it is the best thing in the book; for which reason, and also to show how perfectly unbiassed we are, we extract it:—

"Sure I could not help myself," he said to me; "go where I would, the Widow Burke was always at my heels; her attentions were so marked, and so public, I'd lose my character if I didn't marry her, and make an honest man of myself."

#### ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT.\*

FOR the first time England now possesses an edition of the Greek Testament of large pretensions and considerable merit. Indeed, when we consider the enormous mass of literature which has grouped itself round the subject, we are almost disposed to neglect the merit in marvelling at the pretensions. There is no department of knowledge upon which so much labour has been expended; and there are few in which it has achieved so much. By what patient toil manuscripts have been examined and compared; against how many obstacles of tradition, and with what resolute determination, the amendment of the text and the investigation of the canon have been carried on; with what painful care patristic references, barbaric versions, theories old and new, have been sifted, collated, discussed; how whole lives have been given to the research; how theological prejudice has, on this side and on that, interfered with the study, and how theological learning has conquered prejudice, and disarmed it; how steadily every succeeding year has led us to a better knowledge of the writers of our sacred records, their language, their modes of thought, their lives, opinions, circumstances—all this those only can fully know whose entire powers have been given to the work, while those who enter, however lightly, upon it can still know enough to gain good hopes of the future. It would be well sometimes to ponder how vast a toil must at some time or other have been spent on the materials of such a note as the following. The question is, whether in Rom. iii. 25, the article stands before the word "faith" or not. The point is almost entirely immaterial; but the evidence given is this:—

*rec* *ἐὰν τῆς πίστεως*. with B (e sil) C<sup>2</sup>D<sup>2</sup>EJK &c. Chr-text Thdr̄t Oec; on altog A Chr-comm Chr (Mt's mss); txt C<sup>1</sup>D<sup>1</sup>FG 31.67<sup>2</sup>. (al?) Orig, Eus Bas Cyr Dam Thl.

The meaning of this note, which is a specimen taken quite at random, is the following:—The "received text" (which is of very little value) has the article, agreeing with the Vatican manuscript (as far, at least, as Cardinal Mai allowed it, three years ago, to be guessed), the second ancient corrector of the great Paris MS. and the second corrector of the Claromontanus, together with those at St. Petersburg, Cambridge, and Dresden, and others; and, among the fathers, Theodoret, Eusebius, and the words as given by Chrysostom; his commentary, on the other hand, with the great British Museum manuscript. But we need hardly pursue the note. Such is the evidence on the existence of three letters in an unimportant passage. To collect it has been the work of the last hundred and fifty years. It may fitly be compared with the assertion of the most popular of tract-writing clergymen, that "the various readings of the New Testament are of infinitesimally small importance."

We only give expression to the view which has been formed of Dean Alford's edition by the chief theological scholars of the country when we say that the work is too large for one man. It is true that originality is not required. What is necessary is to pass judgment on the views of others, and not, for the most part, to produce original ones. Except in some happy moment, and, as it were, by a singular chance, few special interpretations of individual passages are felicitous. In the text, probably not more than two conjectural emendations that have been proposed in the whole New Testament are worthy even of attention. To original thought belong the large views, the dogmatic inferences, the comprehensive schemes of ecclesiology, which the critic must be able to appreciate, but which it does not fall within his province to exhibit. But even without the need of originality, the task which Dr. Alford has undertaken is far too comprehensive for a sudden achieving of greatness. Canon, text, and interpretation would each demand at least a lifetime for their full treatment, though, unfortunately, they are so interlaced that explanation is almost impossible without consideration of text; and

\* *The Greek Testament; with a Critically Revised Text, a Digest of Various Readings, Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage, Prolegomena, and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary.* By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. In 4 volumes. Vol. iv., Part ii. London: Rivingtons. 1861.



text leads insensibly to questions of canon. The separation is, indeed, becoming more popular in England than it was. Dr. Tregelles, for one, has spent years on textual criticism without entering, otherwise than incidentally, on interpretation; and Mr. Ellicott undertook lately to edit the Epistles with reference solely to questions of scholarship. The result of the last experiment, however, is as might have been expected. At first, Mr. Ellicott had a good deal to say on the particles, and analysed very carefully the language. Then he introduced notes on the manuscripts. By degrees, he entered more into questions of history and general criticism whenever he had special theories to enforce. And now the old profession is almost entirely dropped; and the philological remarks that appear are somewhat less valuable than at first. The same pains, no doubt, are taken; but the author is overpowered by the largeness of his subject.

Of its critical knowledge of the Bible England owes by far the largest part to the Continent. A few men in Germany have given, and still give, the whole energies of their lives to the work; and many more apply themselves to individual books. If we were to take any single epistle of St. Paul, for example, we should probably find that of those who have investigated it accurately the proportion of Englishmen to Germans is about as one to five. And when so many students have given their utmost powers to the task of theological criticism, it is not surprising that those of them who are now alive should be somewhat nettled at being grouped in miscellaneous bundles, as it were, in a compendious English summary of results. Here is a specimen of the exegetical notes in the book now under review. The passage is Acts v. 9; and after twelve lines of interpretation the note proceeds:—

So Ambros., Calvin, Beza, Estius, Grot., Calov., Bengel, Weist., Mosh., De Wette, Meyer: so also Lightfoot, understanding however . . . ; on the other side are Chrys., Theodoret, Theophyl., Erasmus, Corn. a Lapide, Wolf, and others.

This is a specimen in *malam partem*, no doubt; but it shows the summary way in which great commentators are treated. The method certainly supplies a useful catalogue of opinions, and the editor's judgment has its weight; but any reader who wished to examine for himself the meaning of the passage would require a far more serious investigation. We have hinted that Dean Alford's work is far from popular in Germany. The above is, as may well be supposed, one reason for the fact; another lies in the number of inaccuracies, which assume very large proportions to the eyes of men accustomed to minute scrutiny. We shall draw attention to a few of those which have attracted our own notice, premising only that we consider great thanks to be due to the writer in spite of them, and that the edition is in our judgment by far the best existing in the English language.

The textual criticism is usually allowed to be the weakest part of Dean Alford's book, and it is the least deserving of credit for the labour bestowed upon it. The Dean has applied to no original sources, has examined no manuscripts; he takes his facts and a great part of his judgments from German authors, especially Tischendorf. That writer himself speaks of the English editor in very strong terms:—"quod rem textus sacri criticism attinet, Alfordius tam parum studii, judicii, religionisque probavit, ut vix in scholarum usum scriptissem censendus sit. Tamen editionem meam recentissimam ubi primum nactus erat, omni modo neque vero sine malâ fide suam in rem convertit." Without joining in this vigorous censure, we may yet be permitted to express regret that Dean Alford attempted an entire revision of the text at all. Its minutiae must have cost him infinite trouble, and with his sentence upon the more important readings scholars are not generally satisfied. How, moreover, a commentator can profess to edit the Greek Testament, and allow no value to considerations connected with the "recensions" of the text, we are at a loss to imagine. Now, too, during the publication of the last volume, all criticism of the text is suspended by the discovery of the *Codex Sinaiticus*. As an English description of this remarkable addition to the store of Biblical MSS. has only been circulated in theological quarters, such as the pages of the *Christian Remembrancer*, a few words respecting it may be interesting to some of our readers. It was found by Tischendorf, in February, 1859, in St. Catherine's Monastery, on Mount Sinai. It is, generally speaking, of the same cast as the Vatican Codex, but, fortunately, has sufficient differences to render it a most valuable independent testimony. It is supposed to be of the third or fourth century after Christ; the letters, even the smaller ones, are uncial, and the writing old in character; there are no "initial letters;" the punctuation is slight and rare; the arrangement of the columns, the order of the books, the simplicity of the headings, proclaim a great antiquity; it has the Ammonian sections, with the Vatican MS., and with it also omits several passages which afterwards were included in the Canon, such as the address of the Epistle to "Ephesus," and the concluding verses of St. Mark. This one codex would impose the necessity of a fresh edition of the Greek Testament. We can hardly suppose that, with its additional evidence against him, Dr. Alford would retain the reading "Bethany" for "Bethabara" in John i. 28—the indicative for the subjunctive in Romans v. 1—the second half of Romans xi. 6—or the doubtful episodes in St. John.

To turn from the text to the commentary, it appears to us that the best part of the work is the second volume, and the later editions of the first. The "Acts" are laboriously and usefully edited. In one or two passages the notes are corrected

by comments in subsequent volumes. That on Thessalonica, for instance, differs from the account given in the Prolegomena to the Epistles. In many instances there is the worse fault of a standard of purism set up with regard to prepositions and tenses, and afterwards remorselessly abandoned. Through all the volumes the marginal references would be extremely useful but for misprints; as it is, they are among the most important parts of the work. But in the Epistles a kind of Ate seems to come over the successful editor. The sentences are pronounced more *ex cathedra*, and with less recognition of the fact that Epistles are incomparably harder to annotate than Gospels. An explanation of De Wette, Bleek, and Lünemann is spoken of as "the commonly received shallow interpretation." A theory of the word *τεκνογονία*, which Mr. Ellicott has adopted, is said to "need no refutation." Sometimes there is a strange appreciation of the meaning of an argument. How is the difficulty with regard to the doubtful genuineness of St. Peter's Second Epistle "lightened by observing that it is common to this Epistle, with some others of those called Catholic?" To us it seems to make no difference either way; and the early acceptance of the word Catholic directly implies a distinction in difficulties of the kind. How can a hypothesis (1 John i. 6) be otherwise than "hypothetical?" Why, in regard of voices, obstinately translate *παρρησιάζεσθαι* as passive, and in the same verse, on one occasion, translate *αἰσχυρίζεσθαι* as middle? On what possible theory of construing is the epistolary aorist *ἔγραψα* to be rendered "I wrote," against the English idiom, while the simple expression, *ἔγεννηθης* is, for the sake of an utterly monstrous translation, perfect? The words are (1 John v. 19) *ὁ γεννηθῆς . . . τῇ αὐτῇ ἡμέρᾳ*, which Dr. Alford renders "he that hath been born . . . it (viz., the birth in question) keepeth him!" In 2 Tim. ii. 7, *νοῶ* is "I consider;" in ii. 19, *ἔγνων* is "knoweth." In the same chapter, *ἀπιστία* is unfaithfulness, not disbelief; in Hebrews iii. 12, it is exactly the reverse. In Heb. ii. 18, *ἐν ᾧ* cannot be causal; in vi. 17, it is nearly equivalent to "wherefore." Sometimes a well-known usage is persistently ignored, against a multitude of evidence; the interchangeable meanings of *ἀλλά* and *ἐμὴ* for example, and the ecclastic use, as it is called, of *ἵνα*. In some cases, we may charitably attribute a blunder to a slip of the pen; but it must have been a curious hallucination which led the Dean to speak of the Philoxenian Syriac version as revised by *Harkel*, A.D. 616. Intimate acquaintance alone with the signature "J. B. Cantuar." can have brought him to talk of a translation as revised by a town, or lead his readers to fancy him ignorant of the person of Thomas of Heraclea. A still stranger blunder is made in a note on "Abaddon," in Rev. ix. 11. Dr. Alford quotes a passage from Proverbs where the word occurs, and adds,—"in Chetib Keri has . . ."—another word instead. We can hardly suppose the Dean of Canterbury not to know what the Chetib and Keri are; all we can say however, is, that if it is the punctuation only which is in fault, the statement is simply the reverse of the fact.

But it is not only "a few spots" of which Dr. Alford must be accused. In one conspicuous instance, at all events, we hardly see how he is to be cleared of the charge of a fault worse than inaccuracy. Attempts have been made to explain the appearance of the star which "stood over" Bethlehem, to a conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, which occurred twice about the time of our Lord's birth. Kepler suggested the idea, and Dr. Ideler worked out the problem, and declared that the last of the two conjunctions was so close that weak eyes (*ein schwaches Auge*) might perceive the disks of the two planets merged into one. At the same time he declares that they were nevertheless a degree apart in latitude. This might, we should have supposed, have cast sufficient doubt on the theory. Ophthalmia may prevail in Persia, for anything we know, but why the eyes of the Magi should be so inordinately weak as to combine into one image the rays of two stars distant from one another by twice the diameter of the moon, we really cannot understand. This, however, is not the worst of it. Dr. Alford in his first two editions, actually quotes Dr. Ideler in his note as saying that "on these two last occasions the planets were so near, that an ordinary eye would regard them as one star of surpassing brightness." This is a perversion of the original which it is really impossible to characterize; and not the least strange part of the story is, that in his last edition Dr. Alford repeats the explanation, with the omission of the part we have quoted, and he calls the latter an unimportant "detail." The whole theory seems based on such marvellous assumptions either of the stupidity of the Magi, or the apparent stability of the heavens, that we do not care to discuss it; nor will we enter into the question of the "subservience of astrology to divine purposes." But it is right to say that the Rev. C. Pritchard, to whose communication to the Astronomical Society the Dean appeals, entirely fails to bear him out; and in the memorandum in question, the astronomer does not fail to notice the singular language of the divine.

For the benefit of those who have not yet seen it, we may add a few words on the last volume of the work. Dr. Alford recognises the whole of the catholic epistles as canonical. He condemns of course the passage about the "heavenly witnesses." On Revelation he adopts what is known as a historical interpretation, paying a well-deserved tribute to the candour and research of Mr. Elliott, but in most points adopting an entirely different line. On the "number of the Beast" he is inclined

towards the much-ridiculed interpretation connected with the value of Greek letters. This species of enigma has nevertheless a far greater antiquity than even the Dean seems disposed to allow to it. A large number of questions he leaves entirely undecided. Like an excellent Protestant, however, he understands the "scarlet woman" to refer to the priestly authority of the Church of Rome; the "names of blasphemy" are, among many others, those of its "Defenders of the Faith, such as Charles II. and James II.;" its "society of unprincipled intriguers called after the sacred name of our Lord, and working Satan's work *ad majorem Dei gloriam*," and its "patrimony of St. Peter" and "Holy Roman Empire." Further instances are to be found in the titles of the taverns, shops, and "the very insurance badges on the houses" of Papal Christendom.

#### POPE AND FRIAR.\*

MR. TROLLOPE has belaboured the Papacy with very considerable effect in the volume now before us. It is a favourable specimen of what may be called the heavy Protestant line of writing, and it will doubtless make its way, on its own merits, into circles where perhaps our recommendation would not greatly help it. If the abuse of Popery could properly be considered as a religious exercise of Protestants, the "Story of an Interdict" might almost be recommended as suitable for Sunday reading. And even amid the wider competition which our author must encounter on working days, we should expect that Mr. Trollope would obtain a large amount of popularity. He has read largely and thought industriously, if not brilliantly; and although we find his style heavy and his narrative tedious, it is quite possible that many readers may not experience the same difficulty that we have done in getting through his volume. What seems to us dulness may very possibly pass elsewhere for wisdom.

The subject of the book is the contest between the Venetian Republic and the Pope, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Pope Paul V. laid the Republic under an interdict, which the Republic disregarded, and the Pope was obliged to recall. The theological adviser and polemical champion of the Republic in this struggle was the Servite Friar Paul. The lives of the antagonist Pope and Friar began and ended almost in the same year, and Mr. Trollope makes the story of their earlier days introductory to that of the conflict which was waged between them. The most readable chapters which he has written are those which describe the intrigues of the Conclave of Cardinals, from which Camillo Borghese came forth Pope by the title of Paul V. A conclave was literally that which its name signifies, for the Cardinals were locked, and indeed walled up, until they had agreed whom they should elect Pope. The place of conclave was a hall of the Papal palace. All access, either personal or by writing, was prohibited. Food was admitted through an aperture too small for the passage of a man. If the Cardinals could come to no election within eight days, their diet was reduced to bread and wine. A range of small cells of planks was constructed for their accommodation, along the galleries, and in the great hall of the Vatican. There were three methods of election. In the first, by scrutiny, each Cardinal placed in a vase on the altar of the Sistine Chapel a billet containing his vote signed with his name. The votes of two-thirds of the number of Cardinals present were necessary to make a good election. The second method was by compromise—an expedient adopted when the assembly found it impossible to arrive at an election, and agreed to leave the absolute nomination of the Pope to one or more of their number. The third method was called "Inspiration" or "Adoration." It consisted in a number of Cardinals suddenly crying out "Cardinal — is Pope." If this cry was echoed by the requisite two-thirds of the electors, the thing was done. The theory of this proceeding was, that a sudden illumination of the Spirit prompted the raisers of the cry in a miraculous manner. The fact was that a number of Cardinals determined, on mature consideration, that they were strong enough to risk a *coup de main*. The chance of success rested on the suddenness of the operation. "For all depended on a sufficient number of those who were taken by surprise being led to join in the cry, by the fear of the Pope being made without their having a share in the making of him." If it was desirable that the man who was to be your absolute superior should be conscious that his elevation was in part your work, it was equally to be deprecated that he should know that you had been his adversary. If the Pope were to be thus made, it would be well to be one of those who made him. But if he were not made, those who raised the cry and those who joined in it placed themselves in the position of opponents of the candidate who might eventually be chosen. "It will be seen at once that this 'inspiration' strategy required the most delicate handling and a very skilful estimate of the men and circumstances to be dealt with. At the same time, the fear lest this manœuvre should be unexpectedly resorted to gave occasion for constant watchfulness by the leaders of parties in the Conclave." We have abridged from Mr. Trollope's book this explanation of what he calls "the rules of the game" of choosing a Pope, and we think that we shall have said enough to excite

curiosity to see the game played out through all its intricacies of moves and counter-moves.

There were in the Conclave of sixty-one Cardinals two principal and nearly equal parties, and also two smaller parties of adherents of France and Spain. Neither of the principal parties, even if joined by both the smaller ones, was strong enough to carry an election by scrutiny. Hence each side thought of trying an "Adoration" during the first night; and the apprehension of this move by their opponents kept many Cardinals out of their beds. One of the leaders, who was ill, and had gone to bed as soon as he came into the Conclave, was obliged to get up, and go round among his friends to secure their fidelity. Among the names of the members of this Conclave, those of Bellarmine and Baronius are the best known. On the second day an unsuccessful attempt was made to elect Bellarmine. In the evening a report of another scheme was brought to one of the leaders just as he was sitting down to supper in his cell; but he declined to leave the good things before him, and said the other side might intrigue for whom they liked. On the fifth night of the Conclave, this same leader was suddenly awoken by the noise of the opposite party preparing to attempt an "adoration." The movement became almost universal, but at the last moment a diversion was effected. The two parties had become so jammed together in a narrow passage that one cardinal was thrown down, and another sprained his wrist. They were separated, one drawing off into the Sistine and the other into the Paoline Chapel, at the opposite ends of the Sala Regia; but one or two members of each party had been hurried amid the confusion into the wrong camps, and were detained "by forcible entreaties" against their will. Both the chiefs were afraid that if they allowed their camps to break up for the night some fresh scheme would be hatched before the morning; so they had supper and beds brought into the chapels, and only the most infirm cardinals retired to their cells, leaving directions that they should be called the moment any change took place. Mr. Trollope gives a droll picture of the hungry and tired Eminences picknicking and bivouacking on the pavement of the Sistine chapel. During this eventful night the two leaders held a conference, and as each of them was now convinced that he could not carry any candidate of his own choice, it was finally agreed to name Cardinal Borghese, as an obscure man to whom nobody had any strong objection. This precedent of elevating mediocrity into high places has been imitated in other churches at other times, and for nearly the same reason. On the sixth day the new Pope came forth from the Conclave as Paul V.; and thus ended this strange tissue of intrigues, of which a fuller history may be found in Mr. Trollope's pages.

The careful reader will find other passages to relieve, by an odd story quaintly told, the general dulness which afflicts one in Mr. Trollope's volume. But besides his tediousness, we strongly dislike that assumption of nineteenth-century enlightenment and that tone of contemptuous pity with which he speaks of the theological controversies and the beliefs and practices of the age in which his Pope and Friar played their parts. We think that such arrogance might be humbled by the reflection that some Trollope of the twenty-first century will treat the topics of highest interest to this age with the same complacent superiority. Either this must happen, or the twenty-first century will have abolished Trollopes altogether; on which supposition humility may be learned by contemplating what an enormous progress will have been made between this age and that. Mr. Trollope, however, offends us most grievously by that heavy Protestantism before mentioned, which will be sure to recommend his book elsewhere. He tells us, for example, of the extensive learning and high intellectual powers of the Venetian, Pietro Sarpi, who took the name of Paul on entering the Servite order. He notes that Friar Paul was scrupulously strict in the fulfilment of all his monastic duties. From his ordination to his death, no day passed in which he failed to celebrate mass. "At the long, tedious choral services," he was no less assiduous. Only on important state affairs did he occasionally absent himself from "these far worse than useless performances." He rigidly observed all the prescribed fasts. In various particulars he practised an asceticism beyond the monastic rule. Mr. Trollope here raises the question, "whether Sarpi was sincere in his practice of all these futilities?" Presently he says, "It seems to a nineteenth-century mind incredible" that Sarpi's intellect could believe that such practices could avail to any spiritual advantage. But it is not so easy to arrive at a safe conclusion as to the possible aberration of a mind of given power "moving in an atmosphere of general ideas and enlightenment far different from our own." The general position of Sarpi was that of an unreserved professor of Romish doctrine, and a bold opponent of the pretensions of the Romish See. Is there any difficulty in supposing that even one of the most learned and able men of his age could firmly hold the faith of the Romish Church, and could believe that prayer, praise, and fasting have the efficacy which that Church ascribes to them? And if he did hold such a belief, does he deserve that Mr. Trollope should look down on him with compassion from the "atmosphere of general enlightenment," where he sits sublime? This sort of thing does not please us at all; and we are sure, for that very reason, that Mr. Trollope will not want readers.

\* *Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar. A Story of an Interdict.* By T. Adolphus Trollope, Author of "Filippo Strozzi: a Biography," "A Decade of Italian Women," &c. &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1861.



## GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE most important book of the month is a very portly volume of old Prussian chronicles\*—one of the many salutary fruits of the emulation which Pertz's *Monumenta* has awakened in Germany. The value and the success of that splendid collection have stimulated scholars in various parts of the country to search for records of equal importance in their own particular districts; and many hands are engaged in doing for the individual States what Pertz has done for the whole Empire. We have already had occasion to notice the valuable investigations which are being conducted under the auspices of the Historical Commission at Munich. The volume before us is evidence of similar activity at Berlin. It is the first of five volumes, which are to consist of a collection of documents, most of them hitherto unpublished, bearing on the history of Prussia previously to the year 1525. Foreign as well as native records are to be admitted where they throw any light upon the transactions in question. The present volume includes the chronicle of Peter of Dusburg, and the metrical translation of it by Nicolaus von Jeroschin. It may be doubtful whether, considering how limited their space is, the compilers have acted judiciously in admitting the latter piece. It is exceedingly lengthy, and, being a bare translation of Dusburg's Latin into a provincial dialect of German, has no historical value whatever. No one who had access to Dusburg's chronicle would dream of referring to Jeroschin for an historical fact. In truth, Jeroschin's doggerel rhymes were composed with no object of transmitting the deeds of the Teutonic Knights to posterity, but merely for the purpose of popularizing Dusburg's very fervid and ferocious narrative among the Knights themselves. It would be almost as reasonable for some future editor of old books to publish, by the side of Macaulay's *England*, the contemporary German translation of it. Jeroschin has great value in a philological point of view, for his dialect is very quaint and peculiar; but the editors will find five volumes a very scanty limit, if they intend to publish every old record that has a philological interest. The volume concludes with the older Chronicle of the Monastery of Oliva—a compilation into which, according to the editor, some of the oldest existing materials for the history of Prussia have been worked. The whole of the book, and especially this last part of it, is carefully and critically edited, and provided with an ample apparatus of illustrative notes and documents. Among these last is a reprint of the curious account of the voyage of one Wulfstan of Hydaby, in the Baltic, preserved in our own King Alfred's translation of *Orosius*—the oldest extant account, from the personal knowledge of the narrator, of any part of Prussia.

An antiquarian work of considerable research has appeared from the pen of M. Thudichum, on the ancient local institutions of Germany.† He has adopted the plan of studying exhaustively the unpublished archives in his own locality of the Wetterau, so as to obtain a thorough insight into the actual condition of one ancient "*Gau*," and with the light of this knowledge he gathers from the ordinary published sources a view of the ancient condition of the whole of Germany. The picture given is very complete in itself, and conveys a vivid idea of the social revolution which Germany, and probably all other civilized countries, have in the course of ages undergone. It is a work for a socialist or a democrat to study. It is curious to watch how naturally and how confidently men start with institutions of absolute equality, and hold their lands in perfect community; and how surely, in the lapse of centuries, the inevitable operation of natural laws centres the common power in a few persons, and divides the common lands among a few owners. First, the natural attachment of mankind for the spot on which they have lived confines a commoner's labour and that of his children to one piece of land; then long use ripens into the exclusive right to use; then the right to use is held to imply the right to allow others to use, or the power of alienation. This once granted, the natural differences in the thrift or fortune of various families soon obliterate all traces of the original equality of property; and, the equality of property once gone, the equality of power will not long survive it. The particular district which the author has made the special subject of his inquiries has preserved a curious record of the length of time during which private proprietors were looked upon as holding their property from the community. When first separate properties began to obtain, the mark or district reserved its right to resume those properties if the proprietor allowed them to lie waste; and though separate properties began to be held in the pre-historic period, the reserved right was so long maintained that the proverb till recently was current in the Wetterau:—

Wenn der Busch dem Reiter reicht an die Sporn.  
So hat der Unterthan sein Recht verloren.

"When the bush reaches to the rider's spurs, the subject hath forfeited his right." The book is so thoroughly finished, and is so free from the hazy theories by which most German investigations are marred, that its value cannot fail to be recognised by the students of ancient law.

M. Walter, in his *History of Roman Law down to the Age of*

*Justinian*,\* enters upon a more frequented tract of the same great region. His work is well known already; in fact, the first portion of it appeared a quarter of a century ago. But as the present edition comes after an interval of fifteen years, and has been revised so as to include all the discoveries and deal with all the disputed points that have arisen during that period, it may well be considered as a new work. It is planned more from an historian's than a jurist's point of view. There are but two volumes; and the first is devoted exclusively to the political history of Rome's many Constitutions, while the second is divided between an account of the legislative and judicial authorities and of the Civil Law in its more confined and usual sense as applied to the rights of private persons. Without any impeachment to its erudition, it may be called a popular account of Roman law. We do not mean to say that it is light reading, but it is the sort of account which political or historical students would desire, and is unencumbered with the details which a lawyer, of whose daily arguments or decisions Roman law is an essential element, would require.

Messrs. Guhl and Koner have produced a work on the daily life of the Greeks and Romans,† for which we should hardly have thought there had been room. It professes to be drawn entirely from ancient works of art; but in fact it depends on written authorities as much as any other works upon the same subject. It is well written, and the illustrations are well printed, and the whole seems carefully and conscientiously put together; but there is nothing in it which entitles it to be preferred to the many competitors that have appeared before it in the field. Most of what it contains, and a good deal more besides, will be found in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary*, or in Bekker's *Charicles*—to say nothing of older works.

Dr. Hagenbach's *Lectures on the Church History of the Middle Ages*,‡ are open to the same charge of superfluity. He does not profess to give any new views, but merely to reproduce well-known facts in a well-known shape. There might have been a utility in such a composition twenty years ago; but it is hardly worth publishing now. The only thing that can be said of it is that, considering it is an attempt to view the Middle Ages from the point of view of a Basle Protestant, it is singularly fair in its judgments. Perhaps as an evidence of impartiality in that quarter it may fill a void; but it cannot be said to do so in any other sense.

M. de Düringsfeld, who has published a treatise on Bohemian superstitions,§ has the advantage of a subject as fresh as Dr. Hagenbach's is stale. The general ignorance of the Czech language has caused the Bohemian superstitions to be comparatively neglected, even in the present rage for collecting folk-lore. Yet the ground is very rich, and yields abundantly. Christianity, when it pressed its way into the great Bohemian valley, found itself opposed to a heathenism so compact and tenacious that it was compelled to make terms to a greater extent even than elsewhere. Nowhere was Gregory's policy of compromise more flexibly carried out. The wicked heathen gods were admitted into the new system as demons, the better ones as saints; the temples were applied to the new worship, the high places became the sites of churches, and the calendar was filled with the feasts of heathenism christened with new names. The result is, that the old customs and superstitions have enjoyed an exceptional vitality. M. de Düringsfeld has made a collection of them in the form of a calendar, most of the old customs attaching themselves to some particular day in the year. The first three months in the year are contained in the little volume that is before us. Many of the customs are similar to those with which students of Teutonic traditions are familiar, but the great majority are quite different. The enormous number of rules for prognosticating weather or recoveries from illness by particular omens seems to be peculiar to this set of superstitions. In all sorcery the methods by which maidens may make a prophetic acquaintance with their future husbands occupy a prominent place. The Bohemian method is a peculiar one, and must be very nervous to carry out. On New Year's Day the inquisitive maiden kneels down, balancing a basin of water on her head. A friend, also a maiden, thereupon stands over her, and pours molten lead into the water; and from the fantastic shapes assumed by the lead the character and condition of the future bridegroom is foretold according to certain rules. But it must be a terrible ordeal for maidens who are blest with awkward or nervous friends. One of the prettiest and most singular customs is that of associating all the common wild flowers with particular days. Each flower has a day sacred to it. Thus, the common groundsel has the second of January, the ivy has the fifteenth, the snowdrop has the Purification, the dog violet has the twentieth of March, and so on. The origin of the custom appears to be quite unknown, and the association, though occasionally symbolical, in general seems to be due to nothing else than the time of the plant's flowering. M. de Düringsfeld's labours have produced a very interesting little book, and it is to be hoped that he will continue them. He will be both adding

\* *Geschichte des Römischen Rechts bis auf Justinian*. Von F. Walter. Bonn: Weber. London: David Nutt. 1860.

† *Das Leben der Griechen und Römer nach antiken Bildwerken*. Von E. Guhl und W. Koner. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

‡ *Vorlesungen über die Kirchengeschichte des Mittelalters*. Von Dr. Hagenbach. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

§ *Fest-Kalender aus Böhmen*. Von O. Frh. von Reinsberg Düringsfeld. Wien: Kober. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

\* *Scriptores rerum Prussicarum, oder die Geschichtsquellen der Preussischen Vorzeit*. Von Dr. S. Hirsch, Dr. Max Töppen, und Dr. E. Strehlke. Erster Band. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Die Gau- und Mark-verfassung in Deutschland*. Von F. Thudichum. Gießen: Ricker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

to a very graceful variety of archaeology, and amassing material which, in the hands of the great mythologists of our day, may disclose many historical secrets.

*The Other Side of the Tweed*\* has been evidently manufactured to meet the demand for mild literary soporifics which railway travelling has created. It may be described as a handbook diluted with sentiment and sunsets. It may be useful to such German readers as have not the industry to work through the admirable handbooks, properly so called, which their country produces; but it can have no sort of recommendation to an English reader, unless he has an abstract preference for being sent to sleep by German instead of English commonplace. It is one of those gentle, harmless, worthless records of the most ordinary incidents of travel, which have been called into existence both by the exigencies of railway bookstalls and by the rigid censorship that careful mothers exercise over their daughters' reading. It is a great thing that we possess a light literature warranted free from romance or novelty; but it is unreasonable to expect that such a literature should be entertaining. Yet it is hard that Scotland should not have been in better hands. It is a pity that M. de Rodenberg, who has described Ireland and the Channel Islands with so much skill, should not extend his travels northwards.

Moleschott's *Physiological Sketch-book*† belongs to a higher class of popular literature. It takes rank in the same category as the *Chemistry of Common Life*, and other similar attempts to make science palatable to the lounging reader. Human anatomy and physiology are the sciences which it takes under its protection. It would be too much to say that it is an agreeable book, for few readers like to contemplate the interior of their own bodies. The author complains, with some bitterness of spirit, that the carelessness on such subjects is inconceivable, and that few people even know they have got a heart until they fall into a fever. His intentions are philanthropic; but it may be doubtful whether mankind would be the healthier if they lived in the constant contemplation of their livers and their hearts. The work closes with a disquisition of a rather more learned character on the horny casing of the human body—under which term he appears to include the skin. He explains its office and character at great length, and with something of a fond exaggeration; but he does not conclude with those exhortations to ablation which in English works always follow this species of description. Possibly a tenderness for the habits of his countrymen restrained him. It is much more difficult to understand on what ground a memoir of the circumnavigator Forster should have been inserted in the midst of all the anatomy. The only explanation of its abrupt insertion which the author gives is that he had published it some time ago in a Leipzig newspaper, and that several misprints had crept in which he wished to correct.

M. Beyer's *Essence of Christian Preaching*‡ is a somewhat bulky collection of the common forms employed by Evangelical preachers. Occasionally there is an attempt to weld the philosophical language of modern German theologians into the "justification" dialect with which we are familiar in England, and the effect of the combination is very eccentric. The author is very anxious that preachers should press the mysterious *Vernunft* into the service of Christianity; and, considering the pliability with which that complaisant faculty answers all questions put to it precisely as the interrogator wishes, they will find no difficulty in acting on the suggestion.

*Seeking and Findings*§ is a little religious autobiography of the self-dissective kind. It is well written and very devout, in a Lutheran sense. It has a pretty love-story, in which an unexceptionable Count proposes to the heroine, and the heroine shows the strength of her principles by rejecting him on account of an inexplicable scruple. It belongs to the class of books, of which this generation has seen an abundance, which appear to have been written with the sole object of driving devout young ladies melancholy mad. It is such a pity that none of these warm-hearted writers will undertake the conversion of middle-aged men in the same style.

Professor Weisse's *Theory of Creation*|| is a theological work of a much stiffer character. It is one of the happiest results of the present political fervour in Germany, that, it has brought about an abatement in that mania for barren metaphysics which has so long discredited its mental activity. Professor Weisse is one of the few survivors who remain to give us an idea at once of the industry and of the unprofitableness of the race that is extinct. To Englishmen, accustomed to intellectual aims of a very different kind, it seems incredible that a powerful thinker should seriously set himself down in the solitude of his study, by the help of his own internal consciousness, alone, to dissect the nature of the Deity, to draw up an account of the process of creation, and, in doing so, to contradict chemistry on *a priori*

grounds. Professor Weisse, however, not only undertakes this task himself, but treats with immeasurable scorn the natural philosophers who doubt its possibility. He permits no derogation from the claims of the intuitive faculty to omniscience. He lays it down that "the deduction of the universal laws of motion from the principles of necessity, which are absolutely free from all empirical prejudices, is the task of pure metaphysics;" and he blames Scotus for having failed in the task of defining the several parts of the Divine nature. This accordingly he proceeds to do. It consists, he is able to inform the world, of an inner divine nature and outer divine nature. The outer nature was originally created by the inner, and at a subsequent period the inner nature made the material of the world out of the outer nature. But he is very particular that the two processes are not to be confused, any more than the two natures. He proceeds even to contrast the two natures, and point out their relative peculiarities and merits. The outer nature of God exceeds the inner in stability, but the inner exceeds the outer in the liveliness of its imaginations (*lebendigkeit der Gebilde*). The world-material so produced between these two natures, Professor Weisse decides to have been a gassy and elastic fluid. The reason why he prefers this form of matter is that the world-material was made out of the original spirit (*Ur-geist*), and a gassy fluid is the most spiritlike (*geist-artige*) shape with which he is acquainted—a piece of natural history that can only be paralleled by St. Augustine's theory that the bad angels are made of wet vapour and the good angels of dry. With the atomic theory of chemists and statisticians he is exceedingly indignant. It is utterly ridiculous, he thinks, that God should have made the world of many substances, when he could quite as easily have made it of one:—

Did the Deity mock at himself by preferring to attain by a path so marvellously circuitous and involved results which it was free to him to reach directly, without any such arrangements? Or does not the theory rather mock at itself when it imputes to the Deity, or to whatever name it pleases to ascribe the original force, the force of forces, from which these over-artificial arrangements are supposed to have emanated, a proceeding which so openly insults every straight forward and sane understanding?

And then he goes on to reproach his adversaries with escaping his taunts by flying to the *asylum ignorantie*—a refuge to which a thorough-going philosopher like himself will never be driven, by any stress of perplexity, to retire. Those who like the art of building up conclusions without any foundation of premises will find ample scope for their admiration in this book. To all others it will be only valuable as furnishing matter for the history of human delusions once powerful—now nearly passed away.

Of lighter literature, we have only to mention a diary of voyages undertaken at various times, from the pen of Hacklander.\* They contain accounts of Paris and London in 1851, and of Venice and Hungary in 1857. He enjoys a considerable reputation as a writer, and deserves it, so far as an easy style and unflagging spirits constitute a claim. It is pleasant to come across a traveller who is discontented at nothing, and finds everything better than he expected. But the lightness of the sketches constitutes their chief recommendation. They are not calculated to leave fresh ideas on any reader's mind. He notices, with warm approval, the superior independence of English railway travelling—a sentiment which, from any foreigner, is a hopeful sign. Continental authorities are naturally deaf to English exclamations. Their own travelling countrymen, who have seen and can compare both systems, are the only people likely to convert them.

One or two of the recent photographic publications in Germany deserve notice.† The art may not be farther advanced, but it is carried out with more luxurious completeness abroad than it is in England. The photograph of a collection of drawings in the possession of Madame Schlosser deserves notice principally from its containing two Overbecks, besides some drawings from the hands of Steinlé and other less eminent artists. The Overbecks are in sepia, which yields a remarkably beautiful texture and tints, and a very sharp outline, to the photograph. The photographs from the water-colour drawings are sharp enough, but have a dead, ghastly colouring which is very displeasing. The copies of the pen-and-ink sketches are not sharp enough to be satisfactory; and the chalk drawings are so confused and weak in the photograph as to look like the copy of a fresco battered and worn-out by exposure. The copies of the Dresden pictures‡ which have recently come out are of course more finished in their appearance, though the familiarity of the originals makes them less interesting. They seem to us to mark a considerable progress in the art of photographic printing during the last two or three years. They are both much richer in their tint and much more delicate in the gradation of their tones than photographs from the same originals used to be a short time back. It is said that they will last better; but that remains to be seen. They certainly cannot have degenerated in that respect.

\* *Jenseit des Tweed. Bilder und Briefe aus Schottland.* Von Th. Fontane. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Physiologische Skizzenbuch.* Von J. Moleschott. Giessen: Roth. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Das Wesen der Christlichen Predigt nach Norm und Urbild der Apostolischen Predigt.* Von J. H. F. Beyer. Gotha: Besser. London: Williams and Norgate.

§ *Suchen und Finden.* Beantwortet von Dr. Hoffmann. Berlin: Wiegand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

|| *Philosophische Dogmatik oder Philosophie des Christenthums. Oder Welt- und Menschen Schöpfung.* Von Ch. H. Weisse. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

\* *Tagebuch-Blätter.* Von F. W. Hacklander. 2 Bände. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Stifts-Album. Album Handzeichnungen im Besitze der Frau Sophie Schlosser zu Stift Neuburg bei Heidelberg.* Nach den Originalen Photographirt. Von T. Kellen. Heidelberg. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Die vorzüglichsten Gemälde der Königl. Gallerie in Dresden.* In photograph. Abbildungen nach den Originalen herausgegeben von Fr. Haufstaengl. London: Williams and Norgate.